Vol. CXXXIV. No. 1748.]

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[THE BYSTANDER, JUNE 16, 1937.

The BYSTANDER

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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Tels.: Lonhotel, Anvers.

Knocke-Zoute.—Palace Hotel.—Facing Sea and Bathing. Mod. terms. Nr. Casino. Golf, Tennis. Tel. Address: Palace, Knocke.

Knocke-Zoute.—The Rubens Hotel.—The finest hotel in the best position on sea front, near Casino. Free conveyance to Links.

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FRANCE.

Paris.—Hotel Lutetia.—The best hotel on the left bank. Every possible comfort. Tea and Dinner Concerts.

Antibes. — Hotel du Cap D'Antibes. — Pavillon Eden Roc. Winter and Summer Residence.

FRANCE—*Continued*

Cap Martin.—Cap Martin Hotel.—Free bus service with Monte Carlo & Menton. Tennis, Swim. Incl. from 70 frs., with bath from 85 frs.

Juan-les-Pins.—Ambassadeurs.—1st-class. Sunny rooms with balcony facing beach. Moderate terms. A.A., R.A.C.

Le Touquet.—Hotel des Anglais.—In forest adjoining Casino. Every poss. comf. Large park. Own bus to Golf and Sea. Moderate.

Le Touquet.—P. do C. Golf Hotel.—Facing Links, Visitors have privilege of daily green fees. Open until October.

Le Touquet. — Hotel Regina. — Facing Sea, opposite Swimming Pool. 1st class residential hotel. Attractive inclusive rates.

Mentone.—Hotel Stella Bella.—Full South. Sea front, own garden, sun-bathing, private beach. From Frs. 35. Open all the year.

Cap d'Ail.—(Nr. Monte Carlo)—Eden Hotel.— 200 rms. on sea. Park 12 acres. Tennis. Own beach. Free bus to M.C. Franco-Brit. Mangt.

Monte-Carlo.—Le Grand Hotel.—350 rms., 280 bath. Entirely renovated 1934 Incl. fr. 65 frs. With bath fr. 80 frs. Open all year.

Monte-Carlo.—The Monte-Carlo Palace.— 1st. cl. up to date, fac. Casino, sea-view, open all the yr. Incl. fr. 50 frs., with bath fr. 65 frs.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS—*Continued*

GERMANY.

Baden-Baden.—Bellevue.—The well-known first-class Family Hotel in five acres own park. Most reasonable rates. Prospectus.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Stephanie.—The leading hotel.

Baden-Baden (Black Forest).—Brenner's Parkhotel.—Pension from M.14.

Baden-Baden. — Bühlerhöhe. — 800 mt. (2,600 ft.) Kurhaus and Sanatorium. Diets, Rest-cures. Pension from R.M.11 upwards.

Baden-Baden. — Hotel Europe. — Most beautiful pos. opp. Casino. Mod. renovated. 260 beds. Rooms fr. R.M.5. Pens. fr. R.M.11.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Frankfurter Hof.— Wholly renov., facing Kurpark, a home from home. Manager's wife English. Prices mod.

Baden-Baden.—Holland Hotel.—150 beds. Large park, close Casino. Pension terms R.M 11. up. Personal man. H. A. Rössler.

Baden-Baden.—Hotel Stadt Strassburg.— Fr. Hoellischer. First-class family hotel. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Kissingen Staatl. — Kurhaushotel.— World renowned house, mineral baths in hotel. Garages.

Bad Kissingen—Hotel Reichshof.— Distinguished Family Hotel. Garage. Opposite Park.

Bad Nauheim.—Hotel Augusta Victoria.— Situated directly opposite the Baths. Park. Every comfort. Full pension from R.M.9.

Bad Nauheim.—The Carlton.—Old established comfortable, thoroughly up-to-date; exceptional pos. by park. 20 yds from baths.

Bad Nauheim. — Hilbert's Park Hotel. — First-cl. Fam Hotel. Unique locat. in quiet. pos. of the Kur-Park oppos. Baths & Springs.

Bad Nauheim.—Jeschke's Grand Hotel.— The leading hotel. Open as usual, but better than ever. Special reduced rates in 1937.

Bad Nauheim.—Der Kaiserhof.—First-class hotel. Large garden, fcg. baths and Kur-park. 150 rms., 50 baths. Pension fr. R.M.11.

Bad Nauheim.—Palast Hotel.—Most beautiful position, facing the Kurpark and Baths. Ex. cuisine, special diets. Pension fr. R.M. 10.

Bad Schwalbach (Taunus)—Staatl. Kurhotel.—Every room with pte. toilet and balcony. Built 1931. Terms from R.M. 10.50.

Cologne —Hotel Comœdienhof.—Near Stn. & Cath. Rms. fr. R.M. 4, lav. & toil. fr. R.M. 6 pr. bath fr. R.M 8. Gar. A. Grieshaber, Mgr.

Cologne. — Excelsior Hotel Ernst. — The leading hotel of Cologne. Opposite the Cathedral.

Cologne.— Hotel Fürstenhof am Dom.— Up-to-date renovated in 1937. Connected with Restaurant and Café. Dir. Otto Holl.

Cologne.—Hotel Monopol-Metropol.—The Modern home for travellers. First class Restaurant.

Dresden.—Hotel Bellevue.—The ldg. Hotel. Unique pos. on river. Gdn.-Pk. Terrs. Reduced rates. Garage. Man. Dir. R. Bretschneider.

Dresden.—Hotel Schiller.—The latest, first-class Hotel. World-renowned, distinguished family-home. Near station.

Düsseldorf.—Bahnhof-Hotel.—The 1st-class Hotel facing the Station. 120 bedrooms, 20 priv. bathrooms. Garage. Restaurants.

Düsseldorf-Breidenbacher Hof—L. ht. Wld. ren'd. Fav. home of intern. soc. Fam. "Grill." Am. bar. Orch. Gar. 150 R. fr. 6. 75 Pr. B fr. 9.

Frankfurt-am-Main. — Hotel Excelsior. — Left exit of Central Station. 300 beds, from R.M.4.

GERMANY—*Continued*

Frankfort-on-Main. — Hotel Frankfurter Hof.—Leading but not expensive Grill-room—Bar.

Frankfort (on-the-Main).—Park Hotel.— nr. Cen. stn. Famous for its Hors D'oeuvres. Rms. fr. M5. Garage & pumps on premises.

Freiburg. — Hotel Zähringer Hof. — The leading hotel of the district; thoroughly first-class; 160 beds, 50 bathrooms.

Garmisch.–Bavarian Alps.–**Sonnenbichl.–Golf Hotel.**–facing the Zugspitze, first-class family hotel. Excellent Cuisine.

Garmisch Partenkirchen.—Hotels Gibson/Schönblick —First-class houses. All modern comfort, near sporting grounds. Mod. terms.

Heidelberg. — Hotel Europe. — First-class Quiet location in old Park. Rooms from R.M. 5.

Heidelberg, Black Forest.–Hotl. Reichspost. —The Hotel for Personal Service, Comfort and Refinement in the Black Forest.

Hundseck near **Baden-Baden.—Kurhaus & Rest'rant Hundseck** (2952 ft.). Sit. Black Fst. 160 beds. Mdn. comf. Pens. fr. R.M7 to R.M9.

Leipzig.–Hotel Astoria.–The latest and most perf. Hotel bldg. Select home of Intern. Soc. & Aristoc. Man. by M. Hartung, Coun. of Com.

Munich. — Grand Hotel Continental. — Where everyone feels at home. Quiet location. Moderate terms. Garage.

Munich.–Hotel Der Königshof Karlsplatz.– First-class. Central sit. 150 rms. 50 baths. from 5 Mks.– New Garage in hotel.

Munich — Hotel Grunewald. — Opposite central station. 300 beds. Every comfort. Bierstube.

Munich.—Park Hotel.—Well-known family house. All rooms with hot and cold running water. Most reasonable rates.

Nuremberg.—Hotel Königshof.—All comforts; moderate prices. Sit. the entrance of the old town. Opposite the Station.

Sand.–Kurhaus Sand.–R.A.C. Hotel (2,900 ft.). Black Forest, near Baden-Baden. Lake sunb'ng, fish'g. Incl. tms. fr. Mks.6. Catal'gs.

Sasbachwalden.–Bl. For.–**Landhaus Fuchs.–** 20 mls. fr. Baden-Baden, a country house —priv. swim. pool—R.A.C., N.T.C. hotel.

Stuttgart.—Hotel Graf Zeppelin.—Facing Main Station. The most up-to-date Hotel in South Germany.

Triberg.—Park Hotel Wehrle.—THE Black Forest Home for English people. First-class. Fully illustrated prospectus on demand.

Walchensee Strandhotel Fischer.—Facing beautiful lake, Alps. Every comfort. Pens. from 7 Mk.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Schwarzer Bock.–1st-cl. fam. Hotel. 300 beds. Med. bath in hotel. Golf. Tennis. Garage. Pens from Mk. 9.

Wiesbaden.–Htl. Nassauer Hof.–World-rnd. Finest pos. Opp. Park and Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Patd. by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 M.

Wiesbaden. — Palast Hotel. — First-class Hotel, opp. Kochbrunnen. Every possible comft. Own bath-estab. Pens. from R.M. 10.

Wiesbaden.–Hotel Rose.–World renowned Htl., own bathing establishment. Patronised by English & American Soc. Pen. fr. 11 Mks.

Wiesbaden. — Hotel Vier Jahreszeiten.— (Four Seasons). Select home of Soc. Best pos. Opp. Kurhaus, Opera, Pks. Pen. fm. R.M. 12.

Wiesbaden.— Victoria Hotel.— First-class family Hotel. Thermal baths, own spring, Garage. Pension from 8 marks.

ITALY.

Stresa.—Lake Maggiore.—**Regina Palace Hotel.**—On the lake. Pension from Lire 50. Tennis. Golf. Orchestra.

(Continued on Page H)

The Bystander, June 16, 1937 No. 1748. Vol. CXXXIV.

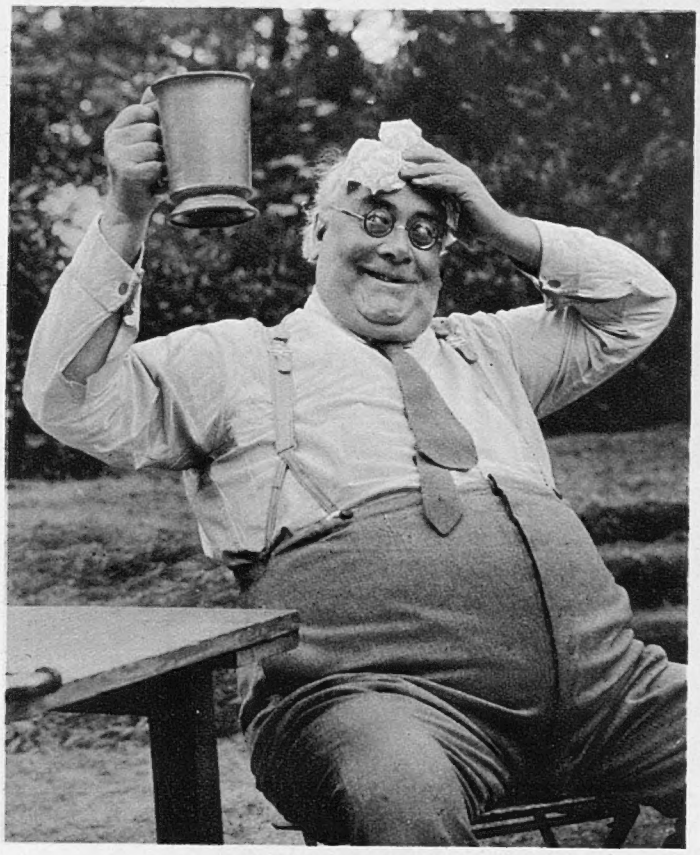
The Bystander

Norman Parkinson

Lait à la Laye—at the Theatrical Garden-Party

Evelyn Laye was photographed when the earlier clouds at the Theatrical Garden-Party had moved on and the sun had come out on Regent's Park and its mill of celebrities. She took to the bottle after her saleswomanly efforts in the "Paganini" ice-cream enclosure, which ran in competition with Ruth Chatterton's teas, Lilian Braithwaite's "cooling drinks," lager from Davy Burnaby, Russian beer from the "Balalaika," and lots of other non-perishable commodities such as autographs. The Duke and Duchess of Kent were there, Noel Coward was host, pounds were collected for the Actors' Orphanage, and there are more pictures on pp. 536-7

Four Square: A Celebrities' Page for the Plain Man



Beer in Braces

The gala opening of the open-air season in Regent's Park with "The Merry Wives of Windsor" was on Monday, the Vanbrugh Sisters playing the wives, Roy Byford playing Falstaff. This picture of him was taken at a rehearsal

Contrast in Countenances

These busts of Prince Edward of Kent and Rudyard Kipling were shown by Mme. G. Bingguely-Lejeune, the French sculptress, at the exhibition held by the Society of Women Artists. It opened last week at 195, Piccadilly

Caps in the Cab

Mr. Winston Churchill borrowed the engine-driver's cap, put it on and faced the flashlights from the foot-plate after he had named a new locomotive for the L.M.S. Railway at Euston Station. It was christened "Royal Naval Division"

Councillor in Clay

Professor Strobl has softened somewhat the lines of Dictator Herbert Morrison's mouth and jaw, or perhaps the leader of the L.C.C. was in a less belligerent mood when he was first sitting to the Hungarian sculptor in his Kensington studio

The Passing Hour

Comments and Asides

By A. G. Macdonell

THE House of Commons has been busy on health, houses and hens. Sir Kingsley Wood has talked at a great pace and with innumerable facts about the progress that is being made in the hygiene of the nation. Sir Kingsley talks as if he were a lecturer delivering a lecture which he knows by heart and has delivered a hundred times to an audience that is not there. As any B.B.C. announcer would say, "he bowls along in great style, looking extremely well and fit." As a matter of fact, the Minister of Health had a most impressive catalogue to recite about the benefits that the Government is trying to confer upon the community. Where Sir Kingsley was the efficient prose writer, Mr. George Lansbury was the poet. That old man has the strange gift of saying the most commonplace and dull things in such a way that they seem to be poetry.

MR. WILLIAM MORRISON, on the other hand was as full of facts about eggs as Sir Kingsley Wood had been about houses. But there was a difference. Where the one was a lecturer, the other was an artist. Mr. Morrison is probably the greatest Parliamentarian who has appeared since the days when Mr. Maxton and Mr. Wheatley were in the glorious prime of their revolutionary youth. The Minister of Agriculture, in a queer way, combines an immense legal talent with the imagination of the Outer Hebrides.

The other big contribution to the agricultural debate was also made by a Celt. Mr. Lloyd George made no apologies for repeating his oft-told tale, and said that in his opinion every single agricultural suggestion which he had made during the last ten years would ultimately be adopted by whatever Government was in power.

THE pendulum swings backwards and forwards between Britain, Germany and Italy. At one moment Signor Mussolini challenges the world, especially Britain. At another, Herr Hitler challenges the world, especially Russia. But both of them have their eyes keenly fixed upon London. The interesting thing is that, of the two, Herr Hitler is showing himself to be more and more the realist, and the Italian is showing himself to be more and more the romanticist. The Italian is quite obviously trying to bluff Herr Hitler into giving him the same sort of blank cheque which the Kaiser, in an irresponsible moment, gave to Count Berthold in July, 1914. It is also quite obvious that Herr Hitler, with his able and astute advisers in control of the Reichswehr, is determined not to give any such blank cheque.

Nothing could have been more significant, in this connection, than the words of Field Marshal Von Blomberg last week in Italy on a ceremonial occasion. He said, in effect, to the Italian nation: "I admire your guns and your ships and your tanks, but it is not for me to say whether your men are any good."

Minnehaha, by Margaret Elwes

Margaret Elwes, daughter of the late Gervais and Lady Winifred Elwes, sister of the portrait painter, Simon Elwes, has her first big part as a dramatic singer in T. C. Fairbairn's pageant of "Hiawatha" at the Albert Hall. She is seen here in her Minnehaha dress with the conductor, Dr. Malcolm Sargent

NOBODY seems to know what is happening in Moscow. The heresy hunting, the suspicion, the espionage, and the strange political trials are becoming worse and worse every week. Whatever is behind it all, one thing is obvious—the Soviet Government cannot have it both ways. Either the régime is so unstable that they have to persecute political opponents more violently than any other régime in Europe, or else the Government is perfectly stable, in which case, all this cruelty is unnecessary.

IT is a funny thing how often British statesmen, when they become Elder Statesmen and accept at the end of long service the Order of the Garter, forget that it carries with it a knighthood automatically. We can all remember the dismay of Mr. Austen Chamberlain, when he came back covered with the laurels of Locarno and was given the great Order and discovered too late that it carried with it a knighthood. After a long political life in which he was known as "Mr. Austen," he suddenly had to acquiesce in the title of Sir Austen. The same exactly applied to Sir Stanley Baldwin. Instead of going straight from the Commons to the Peers,

(*Continued on page 536*)

Right: Noel Coward, as president of the Actors' Orphanage, was host at the Theatrical Garden-Party last week and escorted the Duke and Duchess of Kent round the sideshows

The Coronation, by Lord Methuen

Many pictures of many Coronations have been painted: Lord Methuen's is probably the first from the peers' seats in Westminster Abbey. He made coloured crayon sketches during the service and the same evening started to transfer them to a big-sized canvas in his Westminster studio, where he is seen putting the finishing touches

Dame Mary Graham Brown

Two days after the Theatrical Garden-Party, Miss Marie Tempest went to Buckingham Palace for her investiture as a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire, and was photographed leaving home

The Passing Hour

(Continued from page 535)

he had to undergo the slightly comic week or two as a simple knight before taking his seat as the Earl Baldwin of Bewdley and Viscount Corfedale of Corfedale in the County of Salop.

I WOULD be the last person in the world to wish to appear disrespectful, but while I am talking of titles and slight comicalities, what about Sir Herbert Samuel's new dignity? He is to be known as the Viscount Samuel of Mount Carmel and of Toxteth in the City of Liverpool. The whole world knows of the famous hotel in Paris which is called the Hotel de l'Univers et Portugal. And I once had the incredible joy of lighting upon a journal—"The World Wide Philatelist with which is incorporated the Kensington Philatelist." But, as I say, I do not wish to appear disrespectful.

THE PRESS ASSOCIATION is, as everyone knows, a completely neutral and non-political news agency, famous throughout the world for its accuracy and impartiality. Nevertheless, there were one or two gentle sniggers in newspaper circles last week when the P.A. circulated a note saying—"In our last message the words 'Rational Government' should be altered to 'National Government.'"

I YIELD to no man in my admiration for poor Jean Harlow, who has died at the untimely age of twenty-six. But I cannot help thinking that Hollywood has lost its head a little when it decrees a one-minute's silence for the death of that lovely lady, whereas the whole world has only decreed a two-minutes' silence for the death of ten million young men.

THE sympathy of everyone who has been enchanted by the art of Miss Mary Clare will go out to her. In this solid and stable country of England we rarely experience the sensation of having our houses literally crumbling about our ears. A world war or a Tokio earthquake or a bombing in Guernica can certainly reproduce this sensation, but somehow we have lost the habit of expecting it in Bloomsbury (other, of course, than the literary sensations of Miss Virginia Woolf). It can be small consolation to Miss Clare, whose entire worldly goods are buried beneath the débris, that all her friends must now be making cracks (as quick as the cracks which the builders allowed to appear) on such lines as—"Miss Clare literally brought the house down"; or, again—"The house at St. Martin's literally rose at her, whereas the house at Bloomsbury literally fell on her." And what would she answer when her friends rang up the next day and said: "Was it a good house, darling?"

THE Hawthornden Prize has been won by Miss Ruth Pitter for a poem. It appears that she has been writing poetry as a hobby for the last thirty-five years, since she was five years old. As the Hawthornden Prize is awarded to people under the age of forty-one, it is obvious that Miss Pitter has only just squeaked through. I say this in all bitterness, because, next year, I myself will no longer be eligible for this famous prize. Not that I have ever been within a long distance of winning it, except on one occasion when I happened to notice the entire Committee lunching at the Ivy Restaurant, and offered them fourteen guineas and three double brandies if they would award the prize to me. They declined.

THE Department of Commerce of the United States has been faced with a pretty little problem over the importation, from China, of three pairs of human ears for the purpose of experimental surgery. As it is illegal for Chinese to enter the United States without special permission, the problem arose whether Chinese ears could enter, if the rest of the Oriental person was not attached to them.

The Public Health Bureau was in favour of the importation, but the Post Office refused to allow them transit through the mails, and there the position rests.

Probably the most famous ear in history was that which belonged to Captain Jenkins, and is supposed to have caused an international war. But the ears which I prefer myself were the ones contained in the cardboard box which set Mr. Sherlock Holmes a small problem for solution in about 1888. It took him, so far as I remember, a matter of ten minutes to solve.

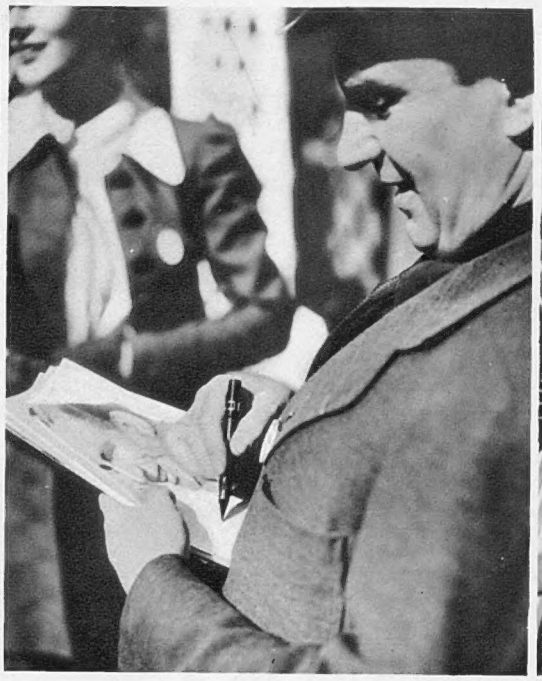
THE great Etchebaster, champion of the world in royal tennis, has demonstrated in the most astonishing way that he has not lost very much of his magical skill. He has not played, so far as I remember, a single big game for the last seven years, and yet, after a few hours' practice, he went into the Manchester court a few days ago and defeated the British Open Champion, Mr. Lowther Lees, in his own court, conceding him the odds of half-fifteen. Mr. Lees is a long way better than any British champion, either amateur or professional, so the performance of the famous Basque is all the more amazing.

Star Faces . . .

. . . That Gave the Theatrical Garden-Party Its Success

Below: Isabel Jeans displays her wares—a Schiaparelli dress that was raffled for two-shilling tickets

Richard Tauber autographed photographs and was head-waiter in the "Paganini Ices" enclosure



Right : Ruth Chatterton wore a lovely yellow straw hat and sold tea. She 's playing in " The Constant Wife" at the moment

Below : Charles Laughton was host of the " Celebrity Tent " with Elsa Lanchester as co-hostess. They managed a terrific business in autographs at a shilling a time

Margaret Rawlings ran a " Black Limelight " gambling house (marquee) where the roulette bank brought in a mass of money for the Actors' Orphanage

Photographs by Norman Parkinson

Below : Florence Desmond and Cicely Courtneidge ran an audition tent where real managers sat and watched the aspirants to fame who paid (and dared) to display their talents

Here 's the host-in-chief, Noel Coward, President of the Actors' Orphanage. He received the Duke and Duchess of Kent, who were guests-in-chief. As last year, his grey top-hat was its most majestic self

Left : Markova and Dolin doing their " Walk up ! Walk up ! " stuff. They didn't have to do it long as their dance floor was soon besieged with fans— a dance with a ballet star cost sixpence a time

Polo Internationalism

Miss Anne Mitchell comes from New York, Miss Michael Vyner, the film actress, from Australia, and M. André Couturie is France's leading polo player. They were all at Roehampton for the Open Challenge Cup final

Mrs. Charles Goodspeed and Mrs. Campbell

Two attractive "foreigners" who went to Hurlingham to see Australia play the Hurlingham team were American Mrs. Goodspeed, who comes from Chicago, and Russian Mrs. James Campbell, who was Princess Catherine Galitzine

Miss Lilah Labouchere

Miss Lilah Labouchere is the Frank Labouchere; her engage was announced last week. She the Slade, has her own studio in graphed there with one of picture of the Thames

Going Out to Goings-On

The "Bystander" Records the Social Round

OFF with your tiaras and stand at ease, was the social command for the pre-Ascot week, which saw the first rush of really private parties.

A coming and going of chiffon and printed frocks and large hats—the frou-frou sound of garden-parties and period plays—marked Lady Sassoon's famous perennial party in Belgrave Square, which begins with tea and ends with the driest martinis. The hostess, admittedly one of our most handsome, was seen greeting Mrs. Neville Chamberlain, very attractive (and Irish) First Lady Commoner in the land.

We found Mrs. Anthony de Rothschild in an amusing white jacket, young people like Lord Wharton, who has mislaid his beard, talking to Colonel Rodzianko, riding expert, and lovely Mrs. Anthony Irby, seen the next day sitting with Lady Grenfell at Lady Gloria Fisher's meeting for the famous Ball at the Zoo on July 6th.

Marathon From One Musical Party—

SEVERAL well-knowns hungrily fell between two suppers, so to speak, trying to pull off a double by visiting two musical parties in one evening.

Lady Hadfield's affair in Carlton House Terrace was small and very cleverly arranged. Lady Howe, lovely in enormous pink ostrich feathers, the Duchess of Leinster in a dove-grey robe de style and amusing hair-veil, Lady Curzon, so pretty, Lady Cholmondeley and Lady Carisbrooke, all listened to Mme. Novotna, by far the most attractive prima donna since Lucrezia Bori. Footmen deftly moved chairs from empty corners to overflowing ones as ambassadors and other important persons came up the stairs.

We also saw Lord and Lady Greville—she is perhaps the most popular American-born peeress; witty Lord Faringdon, most radical peer; Lady Listowel, Mrs. Malcolm Bowes-Lyon, leading Salzburg fan; that best-looking pair, Lord and Lady Derwent, who came late, though not on purpose; and Lady Weigall, who addressed us, ex-cathedra, from the supper door.

—To Another Musical Party

THERE followed a minor musical marathon to the less sedate but exciting party in Eaton Square, where Mrs. James Smith, Lord Hambleden's brother, and Miss Edith Smith gave a lovely after-the-opera supper on an imposing scale.

Many came on from Lady Hadfield's, including Lord and Lady Esher, the Régis de Oliveiras with their daughter, Lady Jowett and Miss Olga Lynn.

We found Flagstad in deep conversation with Malcolm Sargent, Lady Leconfield in white, chatting to the Mark Hambourgs; Lady Colefax, Victor Cazalet, Cecil Beaton talking to brilliant Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Colonel de Basil telling his plans to Mrs. St. John Hutchinson; witty Mrs. Audrey Parr, the very important Philip Hills, Mrs. Ormonde Lawson-Johnston, who is always cheerful and untired; Lady Alexandra Haig, essential to any good party—and we leave the happy throng milling round the buffets and tables on two floors.

When Opera is Grand

MERLE OBERON was the target of admiration at Covent Garden as she walked to her stall, looking more lovely than ever in a white cape and dress, with black velvet lines. It was an exciting night, the first time of the new production of *Prince Igor*, which the King and Queen are to see shortly. But then, it is an exciting opera, with the Russian Ballet in that famous jamboree of the Polovtsi tribe (Boy Scout tents and all).

However, things went far too slowly at first; perhaps we remembered Chaliapin too vividly. But with the ballet, 'Gene Goossens, usually such an electric conductor, woke up, and then followed quite a triumph. That is when grand opera is grand, with hundreds of singers and dancers on the stage.

Lord Hardinge, Princess Windischgraetz, Sir Denison and Lady Ross were with Lady Leconfield in the Esher box. Mme. (Lisa) Paravicini flitted in white as the lights dimmed; Violet Duchess of Rutland peered out of the Cunard loge; Lord Caledon was talking to Mrs. Redmond McGrath; Lady St. Just, premiere balletomane, was, of course, there, as well as all those musical ones like the Fred Lawsons, who were not at Glyndebourne, where Toscanini was the treasured guest at a glorious performance of the *Magic Flute*.

Punctual Arrivals

AT Mrs. Redmond McGrath's dinner-party the night before, for ex-Queen Ena of Spain, as usual, guests were asked to arrive ten minutes early, at eight-twenty. Considering that Mrs. McGrath lives in St. John's Wood (her lovely garden, which is near Lord's, being an ideal setting for a summer evening party), it reflected credit on her guests, several of whom are famous for their unpunctuality, that all arrived before the ten minutes' "dead line."

The Queen arrived with her daughter, who during the Spanish war is not allowed to go to dances. Her maximum permissible amusement is a private dinner-party with bridge afterwards, a game at which she excels.

On this occasion her mother waited until after midnight for her daughter to finish a rubber. Other guests at dinner that night were Lord Aylresford, Mr. Reginald Purbrick, future father-in-law of Miss Daphne Kingsmill, and, of course, the happily betrothed couple.

Maddening for the Management

THE Ritz is no bear-garden; it is a restaurant full of charm, that possesses an air of decorous gaiety, and it must have been annoying to the management that a large party of irritatingly hearty young men (old enough to know better) and their feminine counterparts, did their best to ruin an

is Engaged

daughter of Mr. and Mrs. ment to Lord de Ramsey is an artist, trained at Chelsea, and was photo- her paintings, a from the Embankment

Dorothy Dickson and Lord Milford Haven

Were at the first night of "To Have and to Hold" at the Haymarket. Miss Dorothy Dickson's daughter, Dorothy Hyson, makes a great success of her part as a very young girl—"the most persuasive and various puppy seen on the stage for some time," according to one review

They Danced at the Rose Ball

Mr. Michael Arlen, Mr. Michael Crichton, Miss Zara Mainwaring, Sir Anthony Tichborne, Miss Merle Oberon, Lady Tichborne, and M. and Mme. Vincent Paravicini made up this attractive Rose Ball group. The ball was held at Grosvenor House, in aid of the funds of Alexandra Day

otherwise enjoyable evening there the other night.

When a great artist like Lys Gauty is there to be seen and heard, these "hearties" might realise that, although doubtless madly diverting to each other, it is a little difficult for us to appear even faintly amused at their schoolboy pranks.

She is even better than before, and those of you who have already heard her, know that that is saying something! Two of the prettiest women in London were at the Ritz that night: Lady Moira Combe, whose white satin dress showed up her lovely week-end sunburn (she has a house at Littlestone), and Mrs. "Gerry" Portman, whose faintly greying temples make other women green (not grey) with envy.

A Connoisseur of French Etchings

WHEN a Parisienne comes to London she goes straight to the places that are the English cousins of her home-town haunts. Therefore, you find Miss Florrie Owen, that international ex-deb, either at the Ritz, or at Prunier's. It was at the latter restaurant that we met her, wearing a lovely pale-blue dress embroidered in gold, in a party that included Diana Napier (Tauber) and Mrs. Ambericos, Miss Owen's attractive hostess.

Her father, by the way, who is an expert connoisseur of French etchings, has lately had an exhibition at the Walker Galleries.

A Decorative Guest

COOL black-and-white printed dresses were worn by Lady Carlisle and Lady Milton at a cocktail-party given the other day at Quaglino's.

Debutantes at this party included Lady Caroline Howard, Miss Veronica Booker, Priscilla Fleetman, the two latter finished together in Paris, and Noel Winterbottom, a handsome brunette from the Shires.

Even a thickish black veil could not disguise the fact that Lady Plunket's pansy-blue eyes matched a short tweed jacket that she wore, its revers stamped with scrolls of black patent leather.

The Ward twins, Prince Nicolas Galitzine, Lord Milton and Mr. Quintin Gilbey, were among the many men at this party, the latter receiving many congratulations on his recent racing broadcasts.

If It is Permitted!

THE Embassy is still the favourite dining and dancing haunt of discerning Mayfairites.

Two women in one party there happened to be wearing the best dresses in the room the other night: Mrs. Anita Prinsep was one, in a pale-blue "number" of heavy crêpe with a silver belt, and the beautiful English wife of a Russian the other. Her star-spangled, full-skirted dress of dark-grey tulle was one of the prettiest dresses we have seen around of late.

A bachelor host, Lord Donegall, had a party there that night, which included the Geoffrey Toyes, Lady Plunket, Miss Jean Combe, Mr. Nigel Tangye, and Mr. Paul Soskin, the Russian film producer, who is amusing, interesting and attractive, if it is permitted to say so about a man!

MISS PEEPS

Miss Diana Battye and Mr. Michael Asquith

A snapshot taken before Miss Battye's mysterious disappearance from Lady Long's house. Michael Asquith, her fiancé, is the son of the Hon. Herbert and Lady Cynthia Asquith; his mother is Lady Long's aunt

Engaged Couple

Captain the Hon. Charles Bernard, O.B.L.I., and the Hon. Ursula Vivian, twelve-year-old Lord Swansea's eldest sister, are engaged, and are being married in July. He is the Earl of Bandon's twin brother. They were photographed at Caerberis, Builth Wells, the Swansea place in Breconshire

Chess on the Roof

The New De Valois-Bliss Ballet "Checkmate" in Rehearsal at Sadler's Wells

This new Sadler's Wells ballet had its first performance last night in Paris, where the company have gone for a week to the Théâtre des Champs Elysées in connection with the Paris Exhibition. They are the first English ballet company ever to dance in Paris. Arthur Bliss wrote the music of *Checkmate*, Ninette de Valois is the choregrapher, and the dresses and decor are by McKnight Kauffer. Robert Helpmann as the Red King and Harold Turner as the Red Knight take the chief men's parts, with June Brae and Pamela May as the two Queens

June Brae has the chief part as that traditionally unpleasant creature, the Black Queen. Standing behind her are the Bishops, Claude Newman and Paul Reyloff

On the right are some Pawns; the black and white pair behind are Margot Fonteyn and Joy Newton. Below in the centre is Pamela May, the Red Queen

The Theatre

"Yes, My Darling Daughter": St. James's

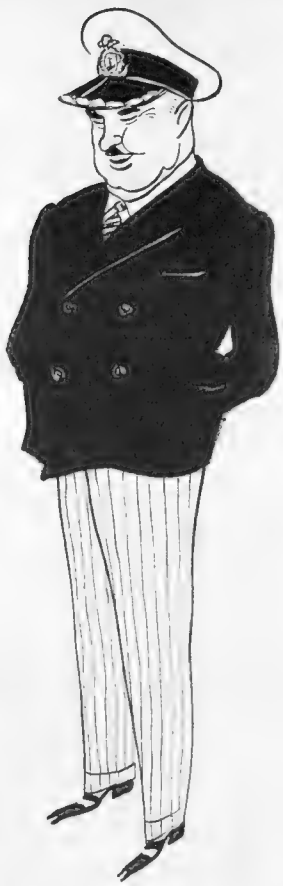
WHAT has become of those high-minded ladies who were the fearless pioneers of progress in the days before the war? Bernard Shaw was their author, the heroines of H. G. Wells managed to keep slightly but inspiringly ahead of them, they lived as near Fitzroy Square as possible, they smashed windows and went to prison, and they faced up to free love as boldly as to the Blue Book bulging with vital statistics. They were so clearly in the right about everything that they would be no end of a comfort amid the perplexities of the present. Unhappily, they seem all to have sunk without trace. At any rate, if one pops up in real life, special circumstances have always conspired to make any comparison between the woman she now is and the woman she used to be quite pointless, and we feel that we have been cheated of comedy—the kind of comedy which comes to the St. James's Theatre from New York. Why from New York? What does New York know of Fitzroy Square and the high-minded ladies who sallied forth from Bloomsbury in the old days to assail convention? Well, the English version of Mark Reed's play is by Rodney Ackland, and it may differ considerably from the original.

CERTAINLY Ann Murray, as Sybil Thorndike presents her, is a very English character, the literary wife of a banker who delights to call herself a Socialist. She belongs recognisably to her Bohemian past, perhaps because an old love, for whose sake she once unconventionally crossed a Bloomsbury square to the house opposite, has turned up from America. But the past is safely past, and her present is adequately made up by the breezy yachtsman-banker whom she has married, and their daughter. It is this daughter Ellen who precipitates the comedy of the high-minded liberal pioneer now grown middle-aged and adjusted quite comfortably to her environment. In the timely absence of her father, Ellen admits that she is going away for the week-end with the young man who cannot yet afford to marry her.

Her mother's first reaction to the sudden news is admirably liberal. Every case of the kind must be judged on its merits, not by cut-and-dried principles, and she is tolerantly willing to give the facts a patient hearing. No sooner has she heard them than panic seizes her and, throwing the plausibilities of the appeal to the wind, she utterly forbids the adventure. Useless to remind her of the brilliant paradoxical stuff she has herself written and still writes: the case of her daughter is different. There is such a thing as the wisdom of the ages. It transcends even pre-war liberalism. A mother cannot connive at her daughter's immorality, and if she were to do so what could she say to a husband who remains a banker even though he has married a Bohemian suffragette?

BUT the daughter is beginning what promises to be an unscrupulous journalistic career, and looking up material for an article on the "Contribution of Pre-War Bohemianism to Freedom in Art and Morals," she has come across a poem commemorating all too precisely her mother's solitary excursion into free love. The process of coercion, whereby conscience-striken assent is wrung from the flustered mother, is most divertingly handled, and if a play can live on one good act, this comedy should run for a year. The first act, however, is a small wonder of prolixity, and the last is mere manipulation. There the banker-yachtsman has to learn by slow degrees the Facts of (modern) life, and the young man in the case has to reveal as surprisingly as he can a fund of respectability so vast that every other character on the stage stands rebuked. Mr. Evelyn Roberts and Mr. Alec Clunes give this manipulation all possible smoothness. Miss Jessica Tandy plays the girl with engaging sincerity. Miss Margaret Bannerman and Mr. Leon Quartermaine prove that good acting is not wasted on negligible characters. But if this single-engined piece stays the course, the credit will be Sybil Thorndike's. She makes the utmost of what power it has.

A.V.C.



Pillar of respectability who floats loans and sails boats: Evelyn Roberts

Left: Illicit week-enders — novitiate and habitual: Jessica Tandy and Margaret Bannerman

Sketches by Rouson

Ann entertains former lover and daughter's seducee: Leon Quartermaine, Sybil Thorndike and Alec Clunes

"The Fourth"

Some Etonian Hosts and Their Visitors

Below: Roger Burnett is the only son of Major-General Sir and Lady James Burnett of Leys, and will be seventeen in August. His attractive sister, Rohays, spent the Fourth of June with him

John Williamson and His Mother

Jonathan Blow was escort to one of the prettiest 1937 debutantes of this season, Miss Mary Rose Charteris. He is the son of Mrs. Detmar Blow

Roger Burnett of Leys Had His Sister There

The Hon. John Williamson is the elder (fourteen-year-old) son of Lord and Lady Forres. Walking with him is his mother

Right: Mrs. Alfred Bossom is the American wife of the Member for Maidstone; she is with her stepson, Doric, one of Mr. Bossom's two sons

Mrs. Alfred Bossom and Doric Bossom

Earl and Countess Spencer have one son, Viscount Althorp, who was thirteen in January; he was doing the honours of the day for the first time. Lady Spencer is a Lady of the Bed-chamber to the Queen

The Hon. Patrick Plunket is the eldest of Lord and Lady Plunket's three sons and is nearly fourteen. His father and mother were about the youngest-looking couple with a son to look after them on the Fourth

Fayer of Vienna

Lady Diana Finch-Hatton

Lady Diana Finch-Hatton is the younger daughter of the Earl and Countess of Winchilsea and Nottingham. She is twenty-one this year—three years younger than her lovely sister, Lady Daphne Straight, who married Whitney Straight in 1935. Her father succeeded as fourteenth Earl of Winchilsea (1628) and ninth of Nottingham in 1927; he owns about five thousand acres of land near Basingstoke in Hampshire and is hereditary Lord of the Royal Manor of Wye. Lady Winchilsea is American, the daughter of Anthony J. Drexel, of Philadelphia. The Winchilseas' only son, Viscount Maidstone, married the daughter of the Hungarian Minister in London, Countess Gladys Szechenyi, two years ago and has a son and heir, born last year

Howard Coster, London

National Custodians

No. 1. Mr. E. J. Forsdyke, Director of the British Museum

Edgar John Forsdyke holds the most important museum job in the world: he has been director and principal librarian of the British Museum since last year, controlling the dual functions of the organisation as national library and national repository. Born in 1883, he went to Christ's Hospital and Keble College, Oxford, entering the museum of which he is now head as a young man of twenty-four. His editorship of the Journal of Hellenic Studies, from 1912-23, was interrupted by four years of non-archæological excavating in France and the Near East as a captain in the gunners. Later he excavated more peacefully in the 1926-7 expedition to Knossos. Whenever he gets the chance he makes a bee-line for Greece, the country he prefers both as archæologist and holiday-maker. He is a committee member of the British Schools of Archæology in Rome and Athens, an honorary member of the I.A.A.S. and a member of the German Archæological Institute. He married in 1910 and lives near Chesham

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

A SQUAD of the Social Credit Greenshirts, Major Douglas's Death-or-Glory Boys (or "Dora Copperfields' Own") scored a piquant victory over the police and the recent Public Order Act against political uniforms recently. Marching in that military formation without which they can't properly put over their interesting economic theory, wearing green shirts and ties under raincoats, and preceded by drums and banners, they were held up by the police at Luton and challenged. Later three of them were brought before the local beak. The beak dismissed the case.

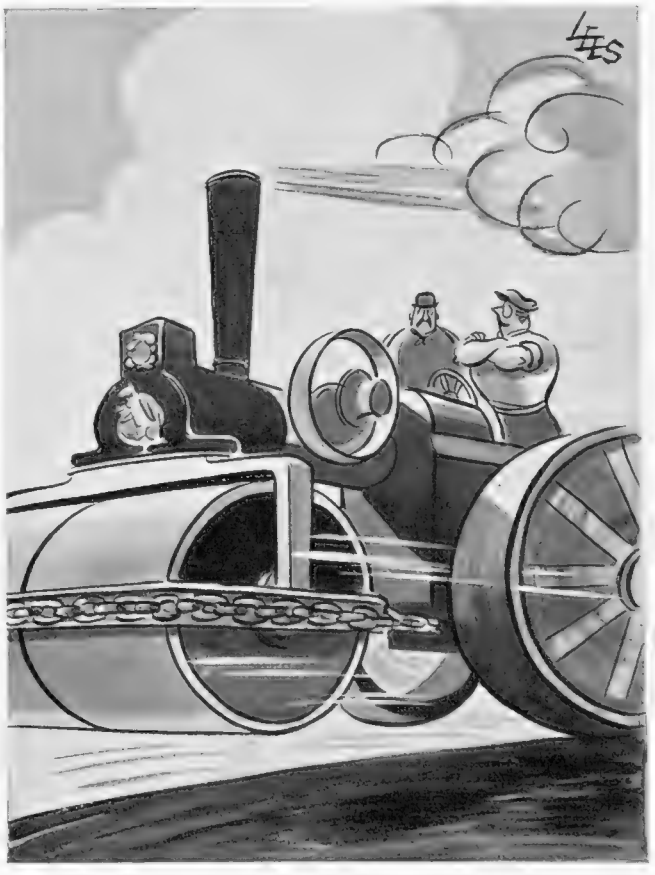
They didn't put up a very impressive show in court. They seemed to us a shade too anxious to explain away their greenery, especially one of them who told the Bench that his shirt had been bought long before the passing of the Act and that he liked green for its æsthetic values, and had had his rooms decorated in that colour. (This kind of defence is rather disappointing, don't you think. We haven't Major Douglas's text-book by us, or we could select offhand a very good fierce war-cry for use by the boys when charged, full of algebraical formulæ and economic values.) What we mean is, they surely ought to show the same grim fire-eyed defiance when up before the beak for wearing Social Credit colours as they did when they marched recently to Trafalgar Square to demonstrate sympathy for the Spanish Reds? Several promising recruits have commented adversely in our hearing on this change of front.

By a curious coincidence, a chap was bound over at Birmingham on the same day and fined 16s. costs for wearing a black shirt, though he said his shirt had nothing to do with the Mosley crusade, and that he bought it in the Strand. Probably—though he didn't say so—black is his favourite colour and his rooms are decorated in it. He seemed not to have been wearing a raincoat over his shirt (with badges), or he might have got away with it, too. In each case we're terribly disappointed by that eagerness to explain things away, that notable absence of devilry when up against the authorities. It doesn't ring true after the manifestoes.

Crooks' Corner

SIXTY-TWO spoons, revealed Mr. Muff (Soc., E. Hull) in the House the other day, were stolen by M.P.s and their friends from the House of Commons' dining-rooms on Coronation Day. These are the boys whose salaries have just been increased to £600 a year. These are the lads who make the laws which send poor old kleptomaniac women to clink for stealing a cake of soap.

We've asked three or four M.P.s we know personally if they were concerned in this beastly business. As expected, they denied it. They said indignantly they never touched no spoons, no, nor so much as laid an eye on them. No doubt the rest of the boys would say the same, for which reason we think lots should be drawn and half a dozen of them charged at Westminster police court with theft of Government property. Probably the blame can't be equally apportioned. Those M.P.s connected with the City, for example, must have suggested it first, and the schoolmasters and dons and naval men and others weakly gave in, like the Third Form under the influence of the Upper Fifth. It's a pretty embarrassing situation—we're serious—for the Archbishop of Canterbury when sixty or so of the boys who have to decide on Prayer-Book revisions at intervals turn out to be thieves. We asked a theologian what their position was morally. He said, "Theft is of itself a sin, being a violation of justice and of charity. However," he added, "its guilt may be venial if the value of the object stolen is inconsiderable in itself, and in respect to the condition in life of the owner." We don't see this lets the gang out much. If the spoons had been of pure gold instead of cheap Britannia metal, and if they were all the Government possessed to provide for its miserable old age, they'd have pouched them just the same.



"Look, George, no hands!"

In Magpie Land

AN alluring phrase of one of the art critics caught our eye last week. Referring to a forthcoming sale, it said: "Sir Philip Sassoon, too, will take the opportunity of unloading one of his rare silver treasures. Collectors will tell you they sometimes grow tired of objects other people covet. Thus, two years ago, Sir Philip 'threw out' a beautiful pair of Chinese *famille rose* pheasants, which brought 1750 guineas at Christie's." It wasn't being reminded of the fact (which everybody knows) that some collectors get bored at intervals which mildly amused us; it was the mental picture of Sir Philip Sassoon, his eyelids drooping languidly, throwing out his treasures with long pale

fingers. A theme Max Beerbohm might have illustrated with exquisite delicacy before he withdrew finally from this vulgar world and retired to meditate at Rapallo.

Having a friend whose Hertfordshire country house contains the finest assemblage of Jacobean, Stuart, and early Georgian furniture and household ornaments in Europe, every piece a collector's jewel, we can report that the itch to throw things away doesn't invariably attack every connoisseur in the world. Only the intensely rich, perhaps, get bored unreasonably with their toys—or, more accurately, only those, as Wilde soundly said, who know the price of everything and the value of nothing. Our friend derives as much pure æsthetic delight nowadays from the craftsmanship of the lovely things he possesses, and has carefully collected over years, as he ever did, and it would be agony to him to part with a single piece of it. Such things are not made nowadays, even by real craftsmen. Our rude forefathers, whom the bright Bloomsbury boys so loudly despise, seem to have known certain secrets.

We feel the same ourselves about one or two tattered old books we 've picked up at intervals—a first edition Wycherley, for example, and a Mardrus *Arabian Nights*, and (if you must know) an autograph first edition of the poems of Wilhelmina Stitch, addressed to us by an amusing error. They 'd fetch nothing at all, but we 'd slay anyone who tried to take them from us. Magpies feel the same about old bits of sardine-tin and shoelaces, naturalists say.

Chez Mathusalem

THE recently-revealed existence in London of a Centenarian Club, with headquarters in the Cromwell Road (which also goes on and on) may have surprised a lot of people. It was founded over ten years ago, its motto is *Festina lente*, and its object, according to its Secretary, is to " inspire men and women to become able-bodied and clear-minded centenarians." Honorary membership is conferred on all who reach the age of 100 unaided, whatever their nationality, and we guess the Club has a lot of tiresome check-up correspondence with Jugoslavia, where men aged 125 celebrate birthdays or die every other day.

Eminent British honorary members include Sir Fitzroy Maclean of Duart, Dr. Griffith Evans, of Bangor, Mr. Stephen Salter, founder of the Oxford boat-building firm, and Mr. C. H. Clayton, the oldest solicitor on the Court Roll. The Club lost its most dashing hon. member last December—Colonel Cotton Edwin Theobald, who was said to have danced a rumba in Bournemouth on his hundredth birthday, a feat which might have inspired Goya. The Secretary makes rather an issue of the fact that nearly all his centenarian members are able to write letters in a firm, flowing hand, which seems to us, realising we can't even write a firm hand now, a feat in itself hardly worth the trouble of living to a hundred to perform. But the real mainspring of public resentment against centenarians, as a body, is, of course (as the Secretary of the C.C. is forced to admit) the fact that " it is not unusual for centenarians, whether educated or not, to volunteer advice." And since, as everybody knows, the advice of any two given centenarians invariably clashes at every point and is worthless in any case, there seems little reason for the aged men to be puffed up and cocky, as so many of them are.

There are two correctives against centenarian conceit which, we trust, will keep us personally from swaggering about at the age of 100 and telling everybody how to do it. One is the dreadful episode of the Struldbrugs in *Gulliver*, the hopeless ancients who go on living and living, detested by all.

" She does the hooting after 11 ! "

Telephone Talks: No. 13

" Well, look, give us ten minutes. We 're right in the middle of a hand, see? "

The other is that classic sermon by a rustic priest unknown, which is also the shortest and most pregnant sermon on record. " Mathusalem lived nine hundred years, and *he* died," said this priest. Having uttered which words of warning and doom he left the pulpit.

Siesta

IN a deep dark chamber under the Castle of Elsinore, where the Old Vic company played *Hamlet* the other day, in the great courtyard against fearful odds, sleeps Holger Danske, his great flowing beard grown into the stone of the mighty table he sits at. Surrounded by his knights, heavy with the sleep of centuries, he sits there until the call comes to him to rescue the Danes from—whatever the Danes want to be rescued from. The Old Vic rendering of *Hamlet* gave Holger Danske no reaction at all, apparently. Not a single grunt was heard. Nor did he turn over.

We 've often wondered which is in the more cushy position—that of Holger Danske or King Arthur, who also sleeps, surrounded by his knights, in a secret cavern in the Vale of Neath, South Wales, awaiting a similar call from the Welsh. Perhaps Holger Danske has the better chance of resting undisturbed. Apart from obscure mumblings from British agriculturists on the subject of imported Danish bacon and other produce, nothing much disturbs the placid Danes, members of what John Gunther calls the Scandinavian or " holier-than-thou " nations. Wales, on the other hand, is constantly menaced by enemies within and without. Within, there are certain rebels who want, for example, to abolish the music of Mrs. Grwyddfrryddgrw Jones at the next National Eisteddfod in favour of the music of the Rev. Yscrogrwyddyfraeth Evans,

Mus.Doc. (Wales). Blood may flow over this at any moment. Outside her borders looms ever the sinister Caradoc Evans, whose ghoulish veracity is such that he is believed to have sold himself to the Devil. Arthur has slept more centuries than Holger Danske, but we wouldn't bet on his continuing much longer; unless, as some think, he has delegated the rescue business to the Squire of Churt, who resembles him in so many ways.

Oh-Go-On Dept.

LATEST business corporation to go suddenly whimsy on the populace is a firm which makes a well-known and good specific against hangovers and other social and nervous disorders, and has already been given a nice boosting in the works of Evelyn Waugh, Noel Coward, and Michael Arlen. The makers' name mightn't bring any reminiscent gleam into those big wide eyes of yours, but can they do the oogle-poogle stuff! Listen to this dainty bit of devilry from the booklet accompanying a "personal" asking us if we're happily immune from writers' headache "and other nerve-pains" (uh, huh): "THIS CRUISING BUSINESS . . . it calls for ERGS of pachydermal energy. After playing deck-tennis in simply STYGIAN temperatures, I developed the most *reverberating* clangings in the head. And then, darling—a cataclysmic mistake. I produced a box of my VIRGINAL little Cachets *in public*. Imagine a *covey* of Bison, CONVERGING on Little Lord Fauntleroy. . . . But it just shows how *appreciated* (etc., etc.)."

No doubt this rings the bell every time, and especially with vicars' wives with what is called in ecclesiastical circles, Jumble-Sale Head. Speaking of which irreproachable *milieu*, it was a highly eminent West End firm, connected vaguely up to then in the public mind with warm, sensible underclothing for vicars' wives, which first burst into this whimsy stuff a few years ago, kicking over the traces, launching out into frills and flimsies, gambolling like a little mad thing, and startling everybody. The truth seems to be that the urge comes and goes like a playful mosquito, and nobody knows who may be bitten by it next. They certainly don't know among the big publicity boys. It may break out in obvious places, like the lingerie trade, or it may unexpectedly attack some manufacturer of marine boilers ("DAR-ling, aren't most marine boilers simply too *debilitating*? But *listen*, sweet—here's a simply *vibrant* and utterly *dulcet* idea next time you totter out," etc., etc.), or even less likely victims, such as haulage-contractors or firms who boil old horses down for glue. Not knowing where to expect it next, as a matter of fact, is getting a lot of people jumpy, and it's not surprising.

Les Veg.'s Boys Again

THE London Vegetarian Society, who can often be relied on for a quiet laugh, protested by telegram to the B.B.C. the other day about a Children's Programme broadcast of an ox-roast from a Cotswold village. "*Submit that vulgar exploitation of defenceless creature for amusement disgusting to true Englishmen at present time*," wired their indefatigable secretary, who leaped recently to the defence of Mr. G. B. Shaw when some licentious trifler in the Press accused him of eating a beefsteak. The operative word in the sentence quoted is, of course, "true," and the more you meditate on it the more interesting arguments it unfolds. Let's jot down just one in a simple syllogistic form:

(*a*) *True Englishmen are disgusted by ox-roasting;*
(*b*) *Those disgusted by ox-roasting are vegetarians; therefore*
(*c*) *True Englishmen are vegetarians.*

From which we get

(*a*) *True Englishmen are vegetarians;*
(*b*) *Vegetarians are chiefly humorless prigs; therefore*
(*c*) *True Englishmen are chiefly humorless prigs.*

Taking a different—and how fascinating!—line of country and still basing our major and minor propositions strictly on facts, we get:

(*a*) 90 *per cent. of the English are beef-eaters;*
(*b*) *Beef-eaters are not true Englishmen; therefore*
(*c*) 90 *per cent. of the English are not true Englishmen.*

We'd idly sketched out half a dozen more attractive little syllogisms of this sort, all unswervingly logical. This one seemed to open up another fresh vista:

(*a*) *Those who prefer not to eat the flesh of animals are vegetarians and true Englishmen;*
(*b*) *Cannibals prefer not to eat the flesh of animals; therefore*
(*c*) *Cannibals are vegetarians and true Englishmen.*

It would be rather fun to hear some of these fully argued, in the manner of the Schools.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

"Now, let's pretend I'm little Mrs. Housewife, tired and suspicious"

More Celebrities in Cameo

No. 24 : Ruth Chatterton

RUTH CHATTERTON—it is her real name—was born in New York on Christmas Eve, 1893, educated at Pelham Manor, and made her first appearance on the stage at the Columbia Theatre, Washington, in *Merely Mary Ann* on May 2nd, 1909. Anyway, that is what *Who's Who in the Theatre* says, and it stands uncorrected. So, too, do the brief lines, "Married Ralph Forbes (mar. dis.); married George Brent (mar. dis.)." The most notable aspect of Miss Chatterton's past is the number of Fay Compton's rôles she has played, among them being Mary Rose, Lady Babbie, and the Lady in *The Man with the Load of Mischief*. Even her present part at the Globe Theatre in *The Constant Wife* is Fay's original talkie creation. Not that they have anything like the same idea of the way the part should be played, but still. . . .

RUTH CHATTERTON has a marvellous sense of gesture, eloquent hands and a curious swing to her walk which is an asset to any actress. Mistress of the carefully unrehearsed side-look, adept at throwing away a line (the modern idea of acting), and hater of press photographers, Ruth Chatterton is definitely camera shy on all occasions. Asked which she prefers—stage or screen—she replies that she does not know, and wouldn't say, even if she did. An expert airwoman, she doubtless finds her machine useful in evading Hollywood offers. It was in 1928 that she first went to Hollywood, had a series of brilliant successes, and then, after a pause, made a comeback in *Dodsworth*. Which, like other films, she refused to see when completed. "I am not my own type," she says, "so why go and see myself?"—all very reasonable. With the exception of Marlene Dietrich she has a better knowledge of the mechanics of camera-work than perhaps any other film actress. This may be why she views with such suspicion any suggestions from stage or film directors. They do say that only Henry Miller, the father of Our Gilbert, found her really simple to handle. Fortunately, however, she is a first-rate actress, well worth the £300 a week she is getting in her present play—that catch in the voice, those eyebrows a-flutter, that apparent hesitation over her lines at the beginning of a stage conversation are all superb.

In private life she dresses very quietly, blacks and pale pinks mostly; stays at Claridge's, but likes the country, they say; is a close friend of Auriol Lee; suffers from twinges of laryngitis; is fond of music, riding, and swimming; speaks with an international voice that is neither Oxford nor Boston; finds it hard to talk about herself and would probably like to be mistaken for a cultured Englishwoman. **Charles Graves**

Baron

Sir Hugh Walpole and an Epstein Bust

Sir Hugh Walpole was the only literary knight in the Coronation Honours, but he is handsomely suited to represent writers among the new "Sirs," both as a novelist of the highest repute and a judge of contemporary fiction whose taste and acumen the Book Society has made public property. He was Chairman of the Book Society until Hollywood claimed so much of his time, but he is still connected with it as honorary Chairman. In Hollywood he is regarded with a vast respect rarely accorded to writers—but then, he goes there as an adviser and not as an author. In August he has a new book coming out, *John Cornelius*, on which he has been working for four years. He works mostly in Cumberland when he 's in England : that county inspired his Herries saga as Canterbury, where he grew up, gave him his "Polchester" atmosphere. In London he has a superb flat in Piccadilly, overlooking the Park, and full of fine furniture, pictures and sculpture. He has three busts by his friend, Epstein, including the one of Paul Robeson with which he was photographed

"Hamlet" at Elsinore

It Was Theatrical History in the Making When the Old Vic Company Went to Denmark

Laurence Olivier's Hamlet is a Prince perfectly suited to play his tragic part in the wide open-air setting of the great Danish castle; his performance has a breadth and power which no weight of historical associations could dwarf. Vivien Leigh joined the company specially for the Danish production; it was her first appearance as Ophelia

The famous Hall of the Knights in Kronborg is still the largest hall in Scandinavia. It was here that the last English company to visit Denmark gave their plays; popular local tradition has it that Shakespeare himself acted with them

Here is the historic bastion Ghost. Not everyone even night watch here without

Left: Hamlet announces the Players to the King and Queen. The photograph gives an idea of the dramatic quality of Tyrone Guthrie's grouping, and shows part of the stage which was built on seven levels with the north side of the Castle courtyard as background

Polonius and Ophelia were rehearsing with one of the castle doors for background. George Howe repeated his superb performance as Polonius which London saw both in Gielgud's and the Old Vic productions

Forty Danish cadets were "supers"—here are three of them with Tyrone Guthrie, the producer. They understood as little of his English as he did of their Danish which made rehearsing more complicated than usual

Poor Ophelia in her plain black coffin lay unregarded in the Courtyard while the Danish men-at-arms sorted themselves out in the background

That visit of the Old Vic Company to Elsinore touches the imagination of every playgoer who cares for theatrical tradition. To take Hamlet back to the castle whence Shakespeare led him captive in one of the greatest of tragedies is a high romance of the theatre, and so it was regarded by the Danes and their visitors. In fact, for Denmark it was a national event, since the six performances were part of the celebrations of the King's Silver Jubilee. On the first night rain drove the whole production at the last minute into the hall of a hotel, involving Tyrone Guthrie in superhuman efforts at adjustment and re-arrangement. But for the second performance it was a clear cool summer evening and the play was seen in all the glory of its own tremendous swift drama and an incomparable setting of history and sentiment

where Hamlet met the now would keep a mid- a thudding of the heart

Photographs by J. O. Schneider, Copenhagen

Right: a view from one of the gates of the Castle. It was re-built by Frederik II. in 1584 on a site that had been fortified since men first sailed through the Sound

Paris Returns to Two Wheels

A Concours d'Élégance for Bicycles and Riders

Paris is more bicycle-conscious than London, both in sport, with its six-day and other marathons, and in civil, with the agile street cyclists who avoid disaster by even smaller margin than the cars. They say that M. Blum's campaign for more leisure for the masses is popularising le cyclisme even further. Either this, or a commercial push, or just the Parisian desire for a fête instigated the "Journée Mondaine de la Bicyclette" in the Jardins d'Acclamatation, a sort of encyclical concours d'élégance with a fashionable jury, an attractive team of mannequins and an enthusiastic audience of sportifs. And the sun shone brightly, too

Biscot and Bicycle

The old-timer and favourite of the Paris music-hall stage turned out in an outfit of rich "Daisy, Daisy" vintage, iron steed, snake belt, cap and all

Bearded Jean-Gabriel Domergue, most fashionable of Paris portrait-painters, was laying down the law about bicycle frames (or something) to his fellow jurors, Comtesse H. de Béarn, Princesse Amadé de Broglie, Mrs. J. Ryan

Prince René de Bourbon-Parme Was Foreman of the Jury

The little girl on the big bike is Rita Disdier, a professional bicycle acrobat: and she needs to be to manage that great brute of a two-wheeler

Right: Baron Fould-Springer inherited this "once very chic costume" from his father, possibly his skill at riding, too, for those penny-farthings are not easy to handle

And Of Course Fashion Brings the Bloomers Back

Baggy bloomers, striped tight-fitting vest, sailor hat, cycling slippers—that's "Stade," a confection displayed by Mlle. Trunbemiker

And here's something called "Deauville"—everything knitted or crocheted except the sandals. The bloomers have turned into plus-fours, but they betray their ancestry

"Yes, it's a WILLS's

GOLD FLAKE"

It's a CLEAN SMOKE

Mounting Guard at St. James

nes's Palace: by Anna Zinkeisen, R.O.I.

LE TOUQUET

Halfway between London and Paris, on the French Channel coast, amidst lovely woods, Le Touquet adds an English atmosphere to a French setting. British and French Society meet at this fashionable seaside resort.

Its Casino and Three Golf Courses are Famous

The WESTMINSTER

in Pine Forest, close to Casino, half mile from Aerodrome, 5 minutes to Beach and Links. 250 rooms all with bath.

THERE IS DANCING EACH NIGHT AT DINNER

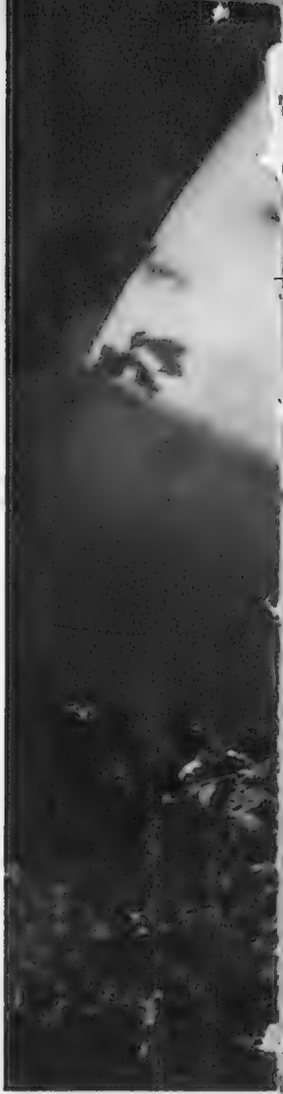
Norman Parkinson

Eric Ravilious—Paris Exhibition Artist

Ravilious, with Bawden and Nash, is among the foremost of the band of artists who are driving a wedge of sound artistic principle and good artistic taste into the bulk of British commercial consciousness. The Wedgwood Coronation mug, the cover for the catalogue to the British Pavilion in Paris, and the three dimensional group in this picture are examples of his art; the last two he designed in conjunction with his wife. The group represents lawn tennis and was built to Ravilious' design by Mr. Pentreath, who also made the framework for John Nash's Paris Exhibition group. By profession, Eric Ravilious is a wood-engraver and has illustrated countless books from manuals on cookery upwards. By choice he is a landscape painter, and held an exhibition recently at the Zwemmer gallery. Like Edward Bawden, he lives in Essex and teaches at the Royal College of Art

Nana Gollner

The American Ballerina of the Blum Company



Nana Gollner in "Lac des Cygnes"

Photographs by Anthony

Her Arabesques Have a Rare Strength and the Purest of Line

In *Lac des Cygnes* this young dancer from Texas, who has taken Nemtchinova's place as ballerina in the Blum Company, shows what a fine classical dancer she is; she combines a wonderfully pure line with great technical strength, and has the true ballerina's nobility of carriage and presence. Her parts include the lead in the two Fokine ballets given for the first time in England last week and the week before—*Les Elfes* and the charming Russian folk-ballet, *Poupées Russes*; she will also have the chief part in a new Bach ballet which Fokine now has in rehearsal. The extraordinary thing about Nana Gollner is that she had infantile paralysis as a small child, and it was thought she would never walk. She recovered, and later started dancing and trained under the famous Kosloff. Now she has a long contract with Paramount and is loaned by them for ballet. She was with de Basil before she joined René Blum's Company last year

Films of the Day

A Lesson for Us : By George Campbell

WHY can't we make pictures like *I Met Him in Paris*, the new Paramount comedy exploiting the personality and talent, the rare histrionic talent and still rarer charm, of Claudette Colbert ? Perhaps we can. Then why don't we ? Even though Colberts don't grow on every tree, we have some actresses possessed of ability and good looks. Surely we have actors as capable as Robert Young and Melvyn Douglas. And when it comes to scenes in Paris and Switzerland, we have the advantage of being practically on the spot. Hollywood has to use either Californian backgrounds or rather obvious back-projection—back-projection, in case you don't know and do care, being the trick of photographing your actors in front of a screen on which the scenery, taken in advance, is projected from the rear of the screen. What, then, is the answer ? I can only quote Lamb's comment on Wordsworth. " I hear," he wrote, " that Wordsworth has been saying again that he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind. It 's clear that all he lacks is the mind."

" I MET HIM IN PARIS "—and here is another lesson to British producers—has the simplest of plots. The charm of the thing depends wholly on the treatment. A young American girl, enjoying her first trip to Europe, meets a lively, good-looking young man (Robert Young) and his soberer friend (Melvyn Douglas), they accompany her on a jaunt to Switzerland, she falls in love with the former and quarrels with the latter, her stodgy New York fiancé turns up, and she solves the problem by marrying one of them—it wouldn't be fair to say which. That 's all. But Wesley Ruggles, the director, has filled in his canvas with a hundred amusing little touches, the portraiture is never overdrawn, the people are all real. As for the winter sports, I have seen nothing so amusing in this line since Alexander Korda's delightful *Service for Ladies*.

Miss Colbert is, as ever, quite adorable. How many other famous film stars could succeed in portraying a nice, ordinary girl, without consciousness of being " glamorous " on the one hand, or playing down to the level of poor common mortals on the other ? Her dialogue is natural but by no means brilliant ; she is not given anything very spectacular to do, apart from some graceful skating and ski-ing. Yet she holds your attention throughout, and at the end you feel you have learned to know and like a real person. That, I think, is acting.

Robert Young has no superior, except perhaps Robert Montgomery, in the rôle of the gay philanderer ; and no one is better than Melvyn Douglas at suggesting stolid worth redeemed, so to speak, by a sense of humour. Several minor rôles—notably that of a hotel clerk—are also uncommonly well played ; and, taking it all in all, *I Met Him in Paris* is as sound and shrewd a bit of film-making as one could wish to see. It should do big business.

" I Met Him in Paris "—and They Went Wintersporting

The new gay comedy which sets Claudette Colbert in a triangle with Melvyn Douglas and Robert Young is at the Carlton, and shows what natural acting, casually witty dialogue and the art of Wesley Ruggles' direction can make of a slight story. The wintersports trip these three young sparks take is just the thing to amuse ski-owners

OF two new thrillers—*You Only Live Once* and *King of Gamblers*—the second, unexpectedly, turns out much the better. Fritz Lang and Norman Krasna (who wrote the story) made something disturbing and unforgettable of *Fury*. In *You Only Live Once*, Mr. Lang hasn't nearly such a good story as foundation. It is supposed to be a study in predestination. A young crook, three times sentenced for robbery, is released, marries and resolves to go straight. The law-abiding prove harsh and intolerant, crooks are malicious at what they take to be an attempt to high-hat them, and the upshot of it all is that the hero is framed for a crime he didn't commit. And this time, if he 's caught, he won't go to Sing-Sing. The bandits use poison-gas, six men are killed, and the criminals will go to the chair. It is natural, perhaps, that the crook should take to flight ; not too improbable that he should be convicted, when he does give himself up, on the evidence of the marked hat he is supposed to have thoughtfully left behind for the police. The escape from the death cell, on the other hand, is sheer hokum—though, heavens knows, some odd things do happen in American prisons, as the Chicago reporter found a few years ago when he went to see some gangsters and was told by the warden that the boys were away for the week-end duck shooting, but were sure to be back on Monday. Henry Fonda plays the reformed crook and Sylvia Sidney his wife. Both suffer from a certain monotony of mood and technique.

King of Gamblers is not so ambitious—just a return to the good old story of the suave racketeer and the reporter who sets out to expose him. What with collecting 10,000 dollars a week from his gambling machines, pushing victims down lift wells, and sending nice girls to houses managed for no good purpose, by a lady named " Big Edna," he has never a dull moment. Neither had I. Akim Tamiroff is magnificently sinister as the racketeer, Lloyd Nolan (the villain of *Texas Rangers*) is the reporter, and Claire Trevor is highly competent as both actress and singer. Poor Helen Burgess makes her last appearance on the screen. After *King of Gamblers* and *Night of Mystery*, in both of which she was supposed to die, she caught pneumonia and really died, and Hollywood lost a pretty and unusually promising little actress.

OF the other films, *Storm in a Teacup* (Vivien Leigh, Rex Harrison and Cecil Parker) is extremely funny nearly all the time ; *Take My Tip* (Jack Hulbert and Cicely Courtneidge) funny in places, and *Rainbow on the River* (Bobby Breen, Charles Butterworth, and May Robson) funny in the wrong places. Bobby Breen is small, with a constant little leer of incredible archness, and he sings. I don't think I am ordinarily cruel. I am not like Francis Place's father, who never met a child without cuffing it. But I confess there were moments in *Rainbow on the River* when, if I had had a slipper and Master Bobby at my disposal, it would have hurt Master Bobby more than it hurt me.

CLUBBERWOCKY

(re-played from "Alice")

'Twas niblig and the tweeded droves
Did wag and swipe as they offplayed,
All uppish were the caddicoves
With the golf bags arrayed.

"Beware the Potterhunt, my son,
The jaws that boast,
the score that's scratch.
Beware the clubclub man and shun
The graspious medal match."

He took his smashie club in hand,
Long time the Pothunt foe he fought;
So rested he by the thirteenth tee
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in sportish thought he stood,
The Potterhunt with eyes of flame
Came boasting up with his new wood
And blurbled of his game.

"All square, beware,"
he thought and thought,
The driver head went sweeply back;
He laid it dead and was ahead
And came oneupping back.

"And hast thou slain the Potterhunt,
What is the secret, man inspired?"
"Guinness a day—I always say
Have Guinness when you're Tired."

'Twas Nuncheon,
and the tweeded mass
Gave putter up for nibble-spoon,
All downish was the Guinnessglass
For strengthly afternoon.

The "Bystander" Bookshelf

The Ladies—God Bless 'Em!: By Alan Thomas

In the course of Neil Bell's *Testament of Stephen Fane* (Collins; 8*s.* 6*d.*), I found myself more than once comparing it with Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage*. I do not say that it attains to that high eminence: the quality of the writing is not that of Mr. Maugham's. Yet the picture it gives of the man Stephen Fane is so convincing, so life-like, so clean, shorn of fictional trimmings, that comparison with Mr. Maugham's masterpiece is not altogether to be scouted. The book is a longish one, giving the life history of a normal Englishman of the middle class from birth to "something less tolerable than death." Fane was born in 1888 of a long line of sailors and boatbuilders. In his early years he was unhampered by any natural propensity for conventional goodness; before he was sixteen he had learnt to gamble, to steal, to pawn, and to cheat: and for a boy of his age he must be reckoned an adept in the art of love. Love, indeed, is the central theme of his life—not the abstract idea, but the thing itself. "My happiest experiences," he writes, "have been in women's arms; I can imagine no happier ones." As for "the pleasures of the mind and spirit . . . I would barter the whole lot for a night with a woman I am, for the time being, in love with." The other aspects of his life—his career in a publisher's office, his experiences in the war (viewed from the lousy standpoint of the Sanitary Section), and his subsequent return to the publishing house where he rose and prospered—these aspects are subordinate to the central purpose, the one enchantment, "love the only truth, woman the only prize, worth seeking." Some will say that Fane behaved like a cad—which on occasions he undoubtedly did. Some will say that this is a coarse book—which it emphatically is not. But whatever they say, there can be no doubt that Mr. Bell has produced one of the outstanding novels of the year.

Neil Bell

Seen here with son, daughter and dog, is the author of "Testament of Stephen Fane," a book whose hero's frank creed is "Love the only truth, woman the only prize, worth seeking." Mr. Thomas describes it as one of the outstanding novels of the year

The problem round which Mrs. Beatrice Kean Seymour's new book, *The Happier Eden* (Heinemann; 7*s.* 6*d.*), revolves is: should a man tell? Or, to quote the publishers, "Is it better to dwell in 'the happier Eden' of ignorance than to have knowledge of a thing and lose your happiness?" Mrs. Kean Seymour plumps for ignorance, provided it is blissful. No doubt that was the right solution for her heroine, Rome, who was one of those rare women who don't ask questions and are content to know just as much as they are told. Rome is the daughter of a successful novelist. She has a brother who is a famous K.C., and a bit of a bully, and two sisters married to unsatisfactory husbands. Rome, her family decides, is destined for spinsterhood, and just when she is accepting this rôle, she falls in love and marries the son of a woman who was the family cook. What is more important, her husband has a past which troubles his conscience. He believes he is a bigamist, and two malicious members of his wife's family get on the track of his secret. But the trouble blows over and the quiescent Rome while suspecting the worst is content to remain in ignorance when her husband promises to put it "all in a book one day." The plot is not one of Mrs. Kean Seymour's best. Where the book excels is in the brilliant characterisation of the various members of Rome's family: each stands out sharp and clear, individual and credible. And in the telling of a story *The Happier Eden* once again demonstrates its author's superb craftsmanship.

Life, and particularly family life, among the island fisher-folk of Norway seems a grim business judging from the picture presented in *Alli's Son* by Magnhild Haalke (Gollancz; 7*s.* 6*d.*). This is a first novel and the author shows an astonishing maturity in handling a difficult theme—difficult for two reasons: first, because there is very little plot; and second, because the boy who is the central figure is a difficult child, given to seeing visions and dreaming dreams. The real trouble was that Alli, the mother, was regarded by her parents-in-law as an interloper, a "stranger from the mainland," and since her husband was away most of the time fishing, she and her child were left to the mercies of the old people. And these mercies were by no means tender. The strained relations between grandparents, parents and children, and particularly between mother and son, are conveyed with genuine sincerity and insight. But it would be wrong to suggest that the book makes light or entertaining reading. It is as grey and melancholy as the sea mists that lie over the skerries of that northern coast.

The world is so full of a number of stunts that I 'm sure we should all be as happy as flying-aces. The question is, are flying-aces happy? And the probable answer is that, qua flying aces, they are not. The crowded-hour-of-glorious-life business has been overdone, and there is much to be said for anonymity. That, at all events, is the conclusion reached by the hero and heroine of Mr. John Moore's novel, *Clouds of Glory* (Dent; 7*s.* 6*d.*). Egged on by a newspaper king they fly round the world in opposite directions, meeting in Australia for the happy reunion, junketing, and all that. The preparations for the flight furnish material for some rather obvious satire: after which the two flights are agreeably, sometimes even excitingly, described; and, of course, all ends happily with the lovers giving everybody the slip. The tale is easy to read, rather too liberally scattered with the better-known Shakespearian quotations, and, on the whole, both as a satire and as a story, a little disappointing.

Messrs. Dennis Wheatley, J. G. Links, and Hutchinson and Co. have done it again. Their second packet of documents and clues, entitled *Who Killed Robert Prentice?* (Hutchinson; 3*s.* 6*d.*) is uniform with its predecessor, *Murder Off Miami*. The tangible evidence is not quite so lurid this time—there are no bloodstained pieces of curtain or combings of human hair: but if the clues lack juiciness, the story itself is bursting with ingenuity. Three times the reader is given the opportunity of forming his conclusion before breaking the seal: and each time Mr. Wheatley's inventiveness will, I feel pretty sure, succeed in defeating him. I shall not be giving anything away if I say that before breaking the first seal, the reader should make sure that in coming to his provisional verdict he has used *all* his senses.

In the Summer Lists . . .

Mr. Leonard Woolf, with his clever literary wife, Virginia Woolf, runs his own printing business, Hogarth Press, in Tavistock Square, in the basement of their house. Mr. Woolf is an essayist and expert on international politics. His wife's latest novel, "The Years," is a best-seller. She is a daughter of Leslie Stephens

Mr. Hamish Hamilton, of Hamish Hamilton, Ltd., is one of the most advanced publishers with a record for modernity and original judgment. His offices are in Great Russell Street. Was married to Jean Forbes-Robertson

Mr. Stanley Unwin is chairman of George Allen and Unwin, and a director of Unwin Brothers, the printers. Has written a book called "The Truth About Publishers." Is a "big noise" in that world. Favourite hobbies: winter sporting and travelling; is an F.R.G.S.

Left: Mr. Peter Davies is a director of Peter Davies, Ltd. He was the original of Sir James Barrie's "Peter Pan," and is married to Margaret, one of the popular Ruthven twins. Their only son and heir is named Ruthven Barrie, and was born 1933

Lieut.-Col. Sir John Murray is head of publishing firm John Murray, of 50, Albemarle Street. Lieut.-Col. in Scottish Horse (T.A. Reserve); D.L. for London; High Sheriff of London, 1914; fine war record. Married Lady Helen Brassey in 1916. Lives in Herbert Crescent and at Stoke Poges

Mr. Harold Raymond, of Chatto and Windus, is the "presiding genius" in this noted firm of publishers, whose publications include the works of such well-known writers as Anne Bridge, Graham Green, and Aldous Huxley — and he chose to be photographed with the latter's portrait which hangs in his office

Mr. Michael Sadleir is a director of Constable and Co., and son and heir of Sir Michael Sadler, Master of University College, Oxford. Mr. Sadleir is also an author and has written some excellent biographies and some novels. His wife is the daughter of Canon Tupper-Carey, a popular Monte Carlo resident. Hobbies: book collecting and walking

Mr. Geoffrey Faber is founder and chairman of Faber and Faber, Ltd. Rugby and Oxford—a "House" Scholar, First in "Greats." Was with the Oxford University Press for two years. Great War, 1914-18. Barrister of Inner Temple, 1921. Married a daughter of Sir Henry Richards and has a family of three. Lives in Hampstead and has a house in Cardigan

"Bystander" Short Story No. 91

Apéritif : By Judith Kelly

Illustrations by Lowen

Sam Brant peeled off his gloves and dropped them into his top hat. "Here you are," he said, smiling merrily at the maid, "here you are." Then, his bright little eyes snapping in anticipation (for at fifty he loved more than ever the sociability of parties), he twitched his white tie straight and marched his stout, short-legged way across the hall to the big drawing-room.

"Hello, hello!" he said to the people near the door, and began edging his way past the milling groups that filled the room. He beamed, ducking his bald head to left and right as he went, partly because of his delight in cordiality, partly because, as a very important man who was also genuinely modest and genuinely an enemy to swank, he was always eager to omit no one from his greetings, to be even more friendly to the obscure than to the prominent. "How are you, how are you?" he said. "John . . . Adelaide . . . Hello, hello!. . . Evening, Ned . . . Yes, yes, it is—it certainly is. . . . Evening, Mrs. Clay. . . . How are you? . . . How do you do? . . ."

Somewhat out of breath, he reached Ann Clark and shook her plump, middle-aged hand affectionately. "Looks like a fine party, Ann," he said. "A fine party. And let me tell you, you're a sight for sore eyes."

"It's good to see you, Sam, dear," she said. She screwed up her pleasant face. "It's too big, this party. You'll have to help make it go."

"Anything I can do, Ann, anything at all?"

"Well, one thing: be nice to Miss Craven; she admires you so much. I've put her next to you. Do you remember her?"

"Certainly," he said hastily. "Certainly I do." He had actually no memory of Miss Craven, but his dislike of possible snobbery did not allow him to admit it.

Embarrassed, he elaborated, making up in a way to Miss Craven for his defection. "She's a fine person," he said, coughing, "a fine person. Great charm."

Ann patted his arm and turned to someone else, and he picked a glass of sherry neatly from a passing tray, beaming at the maid. He had barely tasted it when Mrs. Findlay came up and he thrust out his hand. "Fine to catch a glimpse of you, Mrs. Findlay . . . How's Harry? . . . Good, good." She passed on and Tom Gilbert took her place, and after him came gentle old Mr. Brackett.

Mr. Brackett wandered off at last, and Sam finished the sherry. Just as he wiped his lips he caught sight of a large dignified-looking woman sitting in a stiff chair against the wall. It was Mrs. Ben Prentice. Nobody's paying any attention to her, he thought; nobody at all. He tucked his handkerchief in his back pocket and marched across to her.

"Evening, Mrs. Prentice, evening," he said, his bright little eyes twinkling. "May I sit here with you?"

The woman's large face spread into a pleased smile. "Indeed you may, Mr. Brant. How well you're looking!"

"Feeling fine, feeling fine," he said. He flipped out his coat-tails and sat down. "It certainly is nice to see you again," he said, beaming. "Ben's here too, I suppose?" He was startled to see the smile grow uncertain, fade from her face. "What's the matter, Mrs. Prentice?" he said anxiously.

Mrs. Prentice spoke, with obvious difficulty. "Ben—Ben is dead," she said.

He felt a small, dull shock. "Lord!" he said. "I'm sorry. I'm terribly sorry. I hadn't heard." He blinked his little eyes rapidly, thinking with real sorrow of old Ben who had all his life been a failure at everything except kindness. "When did he die?"

"He died—he died some time ago."

"Lord!" he said again. Shaking his head again, he said: "I don't see how it was I didn't hear. I—why, Ben was the salt of the earth. The very salt of the earth." The woman had turned her head and sat staring at the opposite wall, saying nothing, seeming to expect further words from him. He fumbled for more. "I'll miss Ben Prentice," he said. "We didn't see much of each other, but he wasn't just an acquaintance: he was a friend. One of those friends I always counted on for——"

"Mr. Brant," the woman said in a level, toneless voice, "Mr. Brant." She did not look at him but stared expressionlessly at the opposite wall. "Ben died two years ago. Yours was one of the most beautiful, the most touching letters of condolence that came to me. Now go away."

THE END.

Fashion as it flies . . .

by Elizabeth

Scott Bushe

Tweeds, unlike so many clothes, can be worn practically the whole year round, except on the rare occasions when we have a heat-wave. Pictured above is a tailored suit in Cumberland tweed with a bold check in shades of beige, brown, honey, and rust-red. It is designed by Finnigan's, 17, New Bond Street, and may be seen in their new show-rooms on the first floor. These were recently enlarged and entirely redecorated in cool colours which give an impression of light and air. The double-breasted coat is cut with four slanting pockets, while the skirt is trim but practical with inverted pleats which allow for long strides. This suit is ideal for race meetings, and can be made to measure for 15½ guineas. Equally smart are the suède dresses which Finnigan's are showing for golf. They are simple but neatly tailored with pleats in the skirt, and knitted wool collar and sleeves in a contrasting colour. The skins have been specially treated so that they are as soft and supple as any ordinary fabric, while the colours are beautiful. Short belted coats are made to match; also becoming peaked caps

The Blouse of To-morrow

Prints — Frills — and Collars

There is something cool and refreshing about linen which makes one think of summer holidays and happy hours spent lazing in the sun. On the right is a delightfully practical waistcoat blouse in buttercup yellow linen strewn with large white marguerites, and piped with brown. Pleats in the sleeves give a broad shoulder-line, and the price is 45s. 9d. in the sportswear department at Liberty's. Tailored suits in crease-resisting linen with a silk finish are being shown in this department for 4½ guineas. They are very becoming and perfectly plain, with a single-breasted coat belted across the back

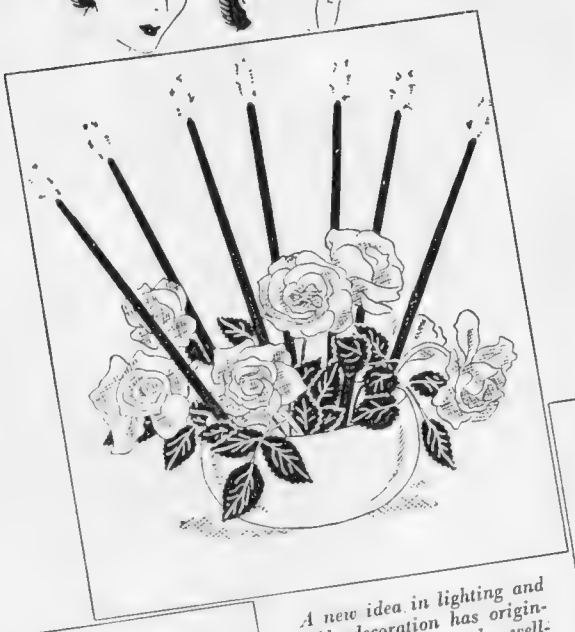
A printed blouse always looks gay, particularly with pastel tweeds in soft greys and blues. The model above is very simple and charming carried out in hand-printed Meriton Crêpe, a lovely silk which is exclusive to Liberty's, Regent Street, who have their own printing works at Merton Abbey. The rich colour effects are produced entirely by hand, and it takes a man seven years' apprenticeship to become fully skilled in the art

A brief survey of this year's fashions will show that this is definitely a season for suits, and blouses play an important part. The latter vary enormously from the very "fussy" to the severely plain. Hand embroidery such as drawn threadwork, also tucking and fine pleating appear on white georgette blouses with frills and jabots, while the severer type of shirt with a high neck is seen in satin and washing silk. Taffeta is worn a certain amount and so is piqué, the latter in the shape of a waistcoat. A youthful blouse in white voile with a red pin spot is seen on the left. It is made with an Eton collar, puff sleeves, and a crisp jabot, outlined with glass buttons. The price is 25s. 9d., and it comes from Liberty's

Photographs by Scott Bushe

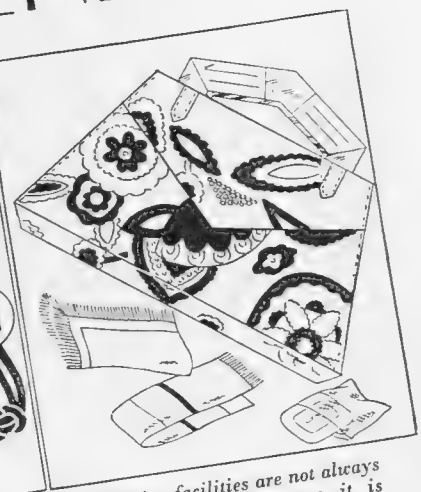
discovered by peta pictured by pam

the bystander twins in search of NOVELTIES



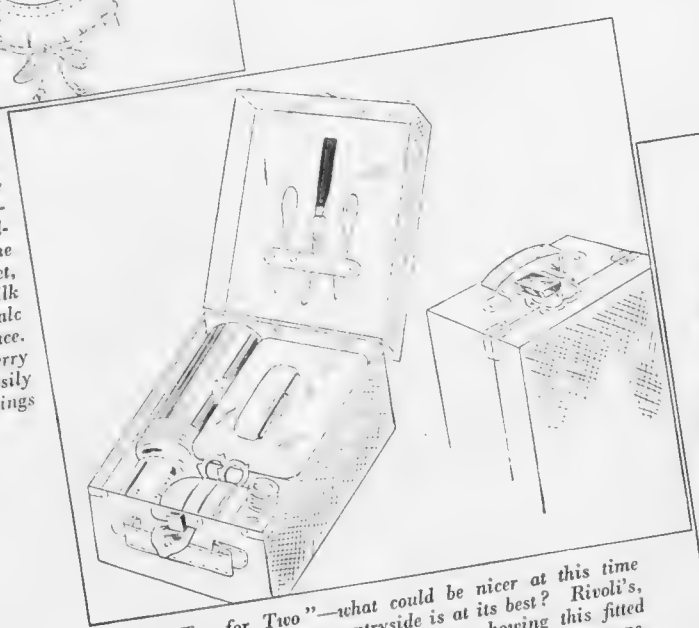
A new idea in lighting and table decoration has originated from Price, the well-known candlemakers, in the shape of "Flowerlights." These are slim, taper-like candles which can be arranged at any angle in a bowl of flowers. They are made in seven different colours, and are particularly effective on a polished surface

It is often the accessories which make a suit, and a fob dangling from a breast pocket may add the finishing touch. Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington, are showing powder-case fobs in engine-turned gilt, with the wearer's initials attached

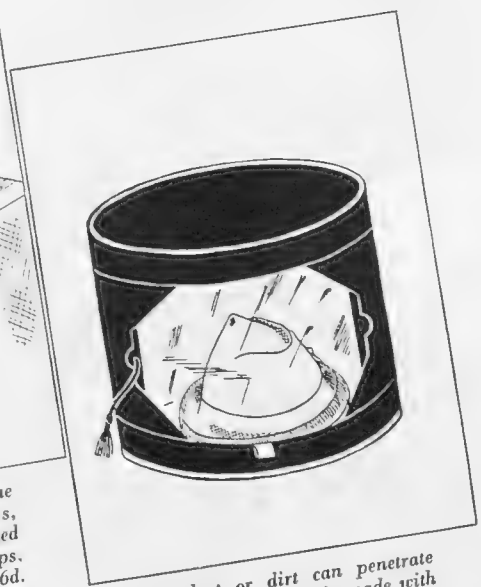


Washing facilities are not always easy when travelling, so it is just as well to be prepared and carry a small bag containing a towel, face cloth and soap. This one, with a pristal handle, costs 6s. at Rivoli's, and looks just like an ordinary handbag

Lipstick and make-up may be the ruin of a new dress unless some care is taken when dressing. A practical headgear designed on the lines of a diver's helmet, is sketched above, in silk and net, with a talc window covering the face. It costs 2s. 6d. at Derry and Toms, and is easily manipulated with strings



"Tea for Two"—what could be nicer at this time of year, when the countryside is at its best? Rivoli's, in Gooch's, Brompton Road, are showing this fitted picnic case containing a "keep-hot" flask, two cups, a cake tin and spoons, etc., all for 13s. 6d.

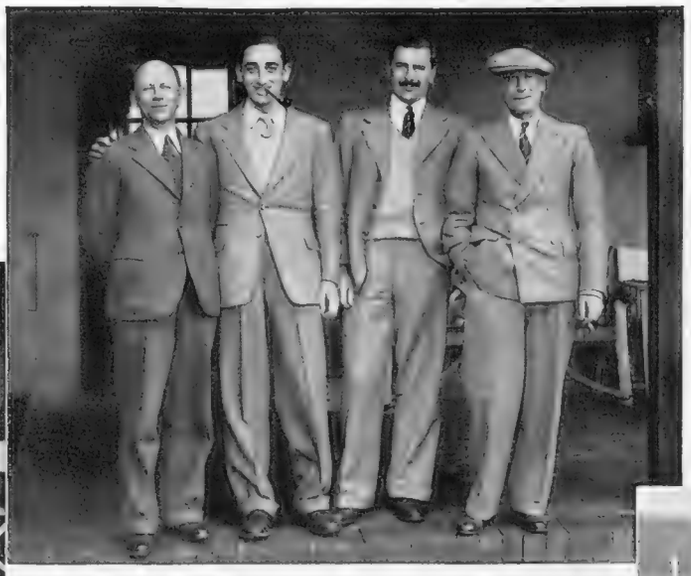


No dust or dirt can penetrate this hat-box, which is made with a sliding transparent door. It measures 10 in. by 12 in., and costs 7s. 6d. at Derry and Toms. The idea of a window is good, as it enables one to see at a glance which hat is needed

Golf Clubs at Home: North Foreland, Kingsgate

Douglas Grant (captain)

The North Foreland Golf Club, which offers an excellent and skilfully variegated round of golf within a stroll of either Margate or Broadstairs, is a resort in itself. There is a most attractive clubhouse, whose shady verandahs look out on to the sea; there is safe bathing, tennis courts and an 18-hole approach and putting course with a bogey of 54. The main course is laid out on a big chalk cliff whose boldly undulating country has been turned to good advantage



B. H. Oak-Rhind (asst. secretary), S. Burns, J. Guest and E. S. Oak-Rhind (secretary)

B. J. Henry, H. Simonis (committee) and Captain S. G. Cutter, R.M.

T. G. Brown

D. E. de Rusett *Douglas Steuart*

J. B. Wright and O. M. Keevil

W. Hopson-Hill

C. W. F. Beaumont-Edmonds *D. Cagney*

E. C. Thurston and G. L. Salton

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made as only the purest and best Gin can be made, by the process of distillation and rectification, the secret of the House of Gordon, and no colouring matter is added.

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If you value your health—insist on

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GENUINE GIN—NO COLOURING MATTER

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The largest gin distillers in the world

Weddings of the Week

Mr. Anthony Norman and Miss Anne Watson Hughes

Anthony Norman is the younger son of Sir Henry and the Hon. Lady Norman, of Ramster, Chiddingfold, Surrey. Anne Watson Hughes is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Watson Hughes, of Pontruffydd, Trefnant, Denbigh. They were married at St. Margaret's, Westminster

Mr. Geoffrey Charlesworth and Miss Cynthia Feilden

Left: Geoffrey C. B. Charlesworth and Betty Feilden were married at Chelsea Old Church. He is the eldest son of Colonel and Mrs. W. G. Charlesworth, of Chestnut Grove Hall, Boston Spa, Yorks., and she is the daughter of Sir William and Lady Feilden, of East Lodge, Doveridge, Derby

Below: Michael Sayers and Sheilah Stephenson had a Royal Artillery guard of honour after their St. James's, Spanish Place, wedding. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. Frederick Sayers, Commissioner of Police, Madras. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Stephenson, of Arlington House, S.W.

Miss Sheilah Stephenson and Mr. Michael Sayers

Peter North

Mr. Alexander Elliot and Lady Ann Child-Villiers

Alexander Elliot, son of Mrs. Gilbert Elliot, of 23, Portman Square, and Lady Ann Child-Villiers, the Earl of Jersey's younger sister, were married at Heston Parish Church, near Lord Jersey's Osterley Park, Isleworth. The bride's six small attendants were Diana Slessor, her half-sister, Sally Colville, her niece, and Felicia Lamb, Viscount Stormont, the Master of Carnegie, and the Hon. Patrick Westenra

Fayer of Vienna

Mr. Victor Seely and Miss Mary Collins

Victor Seely, Sir Hugh Seely's brother, and Mary Collins, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Collins, of 31, Lennox Gardens, S.W.1, were married at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate; Lady Allendale, the bridegroom's sister, lent 144, Piccadilly, for the reception. The best man was Mr. Alexander Wallace, the attendants were Jane Wallace, Victoria Seely, Mr. Seely's daughter, and Matthew Beaumont

I.14a.

after
a hectic rush
you're ready
too soon
and
feeling
desperately nervous . . .

this
is just
another
of those moments
when
a cigarette
is such
a
marvellous comfort . . .

and
it is
an even bet
that
"he"
is smoking too—
for
the very same
reason.

this is an advertisement depicting yet another occasion when Player's Cigarettes are welcome.

Winners of the Sutton-Smith Polo Cup

The Jaguars' was not an unexpected win at Roehampton, and although they received two and a half goals from their opponents in the final — Someries House — they beat them 9½—4. They are seen here with Lady Katherine Dawnay (whose husband, Captain David Dawnay, played back on the losing side): the Hon. Keith Rous, Mr. S. Sanford, Mr. G. Balding, and the Duke of Roxburghe

The Draw for the Greyhound Derby

The Greyhound Racing Association held a luncheon at the Savoy to conclude the draw for the Greyhound Derby this year. Brig.-Gen. the Hon. Alexander Russell, Senior Steward of the G.R.A., is making the draw, with Major-Gen. Lord Lock on the right, watching carefully, and Mr. Frank Gentle at the back on the left, not so carefully. The Greyhound Derby, which is worth 2000 guineas, is at the White City on the evening of Saturday, June 26th

Summer Sport

By Howard Marshall

NEXT week we shall be in the throes of Wimbledon, and I hope all the good weather will not have been used up before then. We shall be looking, too, for Fred Perry's successor, and on form I am afraid the title will go overseas.

It may be that Austin will at last reap the reward which beauty of stroke production should have earned him long ago, and they tell me there is nothing wrong with his stamina. Somehow, though, he does not thrive on the rather selfish competitive spirit of championship tennis; he needs the altruistic atmosphere of the Davis Cup and his country's honour to be at his best.

Donald Budge of America is my own selection, with Von Cramm and Bitsey Grant not far behind. Do you remember how Budge impressed us last year, with that remarkable backhand of his, possibly the most powerful ever seen at Wimbledon?

All honour to Budge if he takes the title back to the United States. The competition will be fierce, and the new champion will have earned his laurels.

IN the meanwhile, we have cause to congratulate ourselves upon the emergence of a potential champion—not this year, but in due course—among our own youngsters.

I mean E. J. Filby, the nineteen-year-old English lad who won the St. George's Hill tournament ten days ago, and beat C. R. D. Tuckey and C. R. Harris, a ranked American player, on the way. Filby without doubt is the most likely of our young men. His strokes are soundly produced, his tactics are intelligent, and he has that rare thing among English players, a genuine attacking service. Filby has sprung swiftly into the limelight, and it would be a pity if his success made him think he had no more to learn. That is not likely, but he needs wise handling, as every young player does, and all possible encouragement.

Too often our youngsters are left to muddle along by themselves. This is true of other games besides lawn tennis. In a sense it is a good thing, for it does at least mean that we refuse to take our games too seriously. Unfortunately the excuse, that we engage in international sport with the rather casual nonchalance of the true amateur, has worn rather thin. The trouble is that we do not approach our games like realists.

If we are to measure ourselves against the world's players, we must be serious, very serious about it. We must see that youngsters like Filby are given every conceivable facility for development. Imagine what the Americans would do with Filby if they were fortunate enough to have him!

THE same is true of cricket. What would the Australians do with young players like Compton and Edrich and Hutton and Gimblett? Why, blood them right away, and see that they had as much experience as possible of representative cricket. We have an opportunity of doing this during the coming weeks. It seems to me that our Test match teams against New Zealand should consist almost entirely of young players. We know what the Hammonds and Leylands can do in big cricket. They might

Horses — In India—

Lady Doreen Hope, the youngest of Lord Linlithgow's three daughters, was photographed watching the Simla Horse Show. It is held 7000 feet above sea-level, and is one of the big events of the Hill season

—And in France

It was a popular win at Chantilly when Lady Granard's well-known colours came home first in the "French Oaks," the Prix de Diane. She is leading in her filly, En Fraude, after the race, with Duforez up

Tuckey Loses to Filby

C. R. D. Tuckey, the British Davis Cup player, lost to E. J. Filby (right) at St. George's Hill, Filby going on to win the event from C. R. Harris, of the U.S.A. Nineteen-year-old Filby is a most promising young player, and looks like a champion of the near future

N. S. Harrison

Harrison is the captain of this year's Haileybury first XI.; he set up a new record by scoring two centuries when Haileybury beat Uppingham: 141 in the first innings and 115 in the second of 196 for 3. But it is only the second school match that Uppingham have lost for six years

Mlle. Jedrzejowska and Miss Scriven

Jadwiga Jedrzejowska (known on the courts as "Ja-Ja") won the singles at her first English tournament this year—at St. George's Hill, Weybridge. She beat Alice Marble, the American marvel, in the final. With Peggy Scriven, she reached the semi-final of the doubles

profitably be given a rest, and a team of this sort chosen—Hutton, Barnett, Edrich, Compton, Gimblett or Dollery, R. W. V. Robins (captain), C. R. Maxwell, J. W. A. Stephenson, Smith P. (Essex), K. Farnes, Cornford (Jas.). And there are plenty of others to be tried—Hollies, for example, and N. W. D. Yardley, of Cambridge, when the Varsity match is over, and Crapp, and many another.

This sort of experiment would do no harm to the New Zealanders, who certainly would not feel slighted. They

(Concluded on page x)

Diana Fishwick Started in a Skirt— *—But Soon Discarded It*

It was at the open mixed foursomes meeting at Calcot, near Reading (the course that has been chosen for the Southern qualifying rounds of the "News of the World" tournament). With Miss Fishwick on the left are Mr. J. O. H. Greenly, Mr. P. G. Krabbe and Mrs. Greenly. Greenly, the former Oxford Blue, won the scratch prize with a card of seventy and beat the course record, too. There are more pictures of these foursomes on pages 574-5

The Championship at Turnberry

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER—

THIS is a grievous championship, and it would give an entirely wrong impression if I tried to say anything else. The tragically sudden death of Miss Bridget Newell here at Turnberry, on the afternoon of the first day's internationals, has cast a shadow which one simply cannot forget. We may be proud to think that the name of this supreme foursome player is on three of our Foursomes Cups—Autumn, Scottish and Northern—which last she and Miss Cradock-Hartopp won at Birkdale in April; but sorrowful that their ambition was never fulfilled of holding all these and the Spring Medal ones as well, simultaneously. Miss Newell had achieved so much in so short a time, both at golf and in the legal profession, that there was no saying how much else might have fallen to her brilliance. She is a terrible loss to British golf, and to the players who make that golfing world the cheery place it is, most of all to the most loyal of partners, Miss Cradock-Hartopp. It is quite useless to try to tell you how real is the sympathy for her, nor how thankful everybody is that she means to carry on with the game. Sheer determination has got Derbyshire into divisional finals, and their captain is not going to desert them now. That is the sort of pluck we expect of Miss Hartopp.

WHAT effect the shock and grief has had on the play in this championship, let alone the resultant scratchings, it is of course difficult to estimate. We may yet have an entirely worthy winner (this has to be written with only two rounds played); but some of the results have already been so unexpected that the conviction is rife that, under these very abnormal circumstances, a wise International selection committee will look on this championship as a wash-out, to be totally disregarded in picking next year's team for America.

THE Internationals, so far as they had gone, had put England in a safe position, but Scotland had the satisfaction of seeing their champion, Miss Doris Park, beat Miss Pam Barton, and both Ireland and Wales of feeling that they have promising young material, out of which a good team can be built. That you can only learn how to win by being beaten is a very sound axiom, and should encourage every aspiring golfer, or team, to take chances of meeting opponents that are too strong for them. The weather at the beginning was frightful, but it did the course good, and when on Monday Arran eventually showed, blue and beautiful, in the north-west, spirits rose perceptibly. Till then, we had only seen even fleeting glimpses of Ailsa Craig, and that cloud-capped, learning from the local weather-wise that though a cap may be the more becoming wear, prospects are better when the coy lady changes it for a petticoat. At the moment of writing, petticoats have it.

IT looked from the draw as if there would be no great excitement on the first day, unless some of the invaders could supply it. Instead, Miss Winifred Berry, twice Lancashire champion, supplied it by beating the most formidable of them, Miss Traung, who was runner-up in the American to Miss Virginia Van Wie three years ago. Miss Betty Frost did her best for South Africa against another, Miss Beuchner, and did it for twenty long holes, but went down there. Miss Jean Hamilton, who specialises in beating famous visitors, revenged that defeat next morning, leaving Miss Beach Thompson sole remaining representative of U.S.A., to be tackled by Miss Peggy Nankivell from Australia. Her win from

The Open Mixed Foursomes at Calcot

More players photographed at the Calcot meeting, held in the little heat-wave and won by Admiral Moir with 62, were (top) Mrs. Cookson, Miss M. Orde, Colonel J. H. M. Greenly and Colonel F. J. Hawkins; (second) Colonel Moore-Brabazon, Mr. and Mrs. H. Prest and Mrs. Leslie; (third) F. A. Bradbeer, the professional and starter, Mrs. J. Robert, hon. secretary, and Captain Denis de Vitre, secretary; (bottom) Mr. B. S. Cumberlige, Mrs. R. M. Cumberlige, Mr. C. D. Grey and Mrs. V. G. Davies

England Beat Scotland and Ireland

Left: the English team—(standing) Miss E. Corlett, Mrs. Rhodes, Miss P. Barton, Mrs. M. Garon, Mrs. H. V. Newton; (sitting) Miss K. Garnham, Miss W. Morgan, Miss P. Wade, Miss J. Hamilton

Right: the Scottish team—(standing) Mrs. C. M. Falconar, Mrs. W. Greenlees (reserve), Miss N. Baird, Mrs. A. M. Holm, Miss Robertson-Durham; (sitting) Miss M. J. Couper, Miss J. Anderson, Miss D. Park, Miss Purvis-Russell-Montgomery, Mrs. J. Watson

Scotland Lost to England but Beat Wales

The Teams Chosen for the Abandoned International

Ireland Lost to England but Beat Wales

Left: the Irish team included Mrs. B. Walker, Mrs. John Beck, Miss E. Ellis, Miss D. Ferguson, Miss E. L. Kidd, Miss Gildea, Miss S. Moore, Mrs. H. C. Glendinning, Miss B. Jackson and Miss M. Smith as reserve

Right: the Welsh team included Mrs. Walter Pyman (captain), Mrs. Graham Emery, Mrs. Idina Mills, Miss Marjorie Barron, Miss Barbara Pyman, Mrs. Vernon Marley, Miss Margaret Thompson, Mrs. Langford, Miss Mary Brearley, Mrs. J. Edwards and Miss J. Mathias-Thomas (reserve)

Wales Lost to Scotland and Ireland

Miss Millicent Couper was one of the second day surprises, and bespoke grand fighting temperament.

That is what Miss Jean McCulloch has. Imagine being six down at the turn to Miss Nancy Gibbons, and then winning at the twenty-second! That is what Miss McCulloch did the first day, and after that everybody felt anything might happen. Feeling that in my bones, myself, I duly went forth to watch her and Miss Wanda Morgan, saw some wonderful putting from the Scot, some explorations of expensive trouble by Miss Morgan after starting by long driving and accurate iron play which was quite perfect, and in the end had to admit it was quite right and fitting that Miss McCulloch should win. Miss Wade's defeat was another which I had an uneasy feeling about beforehand: Mrs. Clement is so sound and persistent, and, sure enough, she was too steady, Miss Wade too often in trouble, for any other result to be possible.

Miss Jessie Anderson gave something of a fright on the first day to those who want all the best players to win: so did Miss Doris Park, but Miss Bonner Davies and Miss Jessie Firth respectively could not quite cope with the standard of the last few holes, any more than Miss McLintock could with Mrs. Holm's 4's at both sixteenth and seventeenth on the second day.

Miss Pam Barton has won so far by thumping margins; so has Mrs. John Beck. Mrs. J. B. Walker has played extremely well—it is all very difficult indeed. There have been new names doing well: Lady Katherine Cairns, who beat the ex-Wales and South-Western Champion, Mrs. Graham Emery; Miss Marjorie Raworth, who beat Miss Brenda Norris, her London Foursomes partner; and Miss Winifred Berry, Miss Peggy Falkner, the ex-Girl Champion, who beat the ex-Scottish one, Miss Robertson Durham. And Mrs. Rhodes, twice Northern and Yorkshire champion, and once holder of the Bystander Yearly Cup, goes strong.

Yours ever,

Eleanor E. Helme.

Some Players in the Ladies' Amateur Championship at Turnberry

Right: Mrs. A. M. Holm (who beat Miss Pam Barton in the third round) lost to Miss Jessie Anderson 3 and 1. Miss Anderson beat Miss D. Park in the final by 6 and 4

Right centre: Miss Jean McLintock lost a good second-round match to Mrs. Holm; Lady Eddis lost to Miss Doris Park in the third round

Far right: Miss D. Wilkins and Miss D. Park, the Scottish champion, who was the runner-up; with them is Miss D. I. Clarke, chairman of the L.G.U. Committee

J. S. F. Morrison on Golf

The National Coronation Match

A most interesting golf match will be played at Moor Park next Friday, June 18th, when ten of our leading professionals, partnered by leading lady golfers, will oppose twenty amateur male golfers in foursomes on level terms. Partners and opponents will be decided by ballot, and the morning matches will start at 10 a.m., and the afternoon matches at 2.30 p.m.

The professionals have been selected by the Professional Golfers' Association, which will probably make this match, to some extent, a trial match for the Ryder Cup, which will be played on the course of the Southport and Ainsdale Golf Club eleven days later. The following professionals will play at Moor Park, and without doubt many of them will represent us against the United States: J. Adams, T. H. Cotton, W. J. Cox, A. J. Lacey, A. H. Padgham, A. Perry, D. J. Rees, C. A. Whitcombe and R. A. Whitcombe, with Percy Alliss as reserve. If this team was selected for Southport, it would have a very great chance of victory.

The ladies' team, selected by the L.G.U., consists of Miss Pamela Barton, Miss Elsie Corlett, Miss Diana Fishwick, Miss Kathleen Garnham, Miss Jean Hamilton, Miss Doris Park, Miss Phyllis Wade and Miss Enid Wilson.

With the exception of Miss Wanda Morgan, who is presumably unable to play, it would be difficult to select a better or more representative team; it includes the reigning champions of Great Britain, Scotland, and the United States, and numerous ex-champions.

The amateur team will consist of fifteen Englishmen, one American (the Amateur Champion), two Irishmen, and two Welshmen. The Golfing Union of Ireland has nominated the runner-up of the Amateur Championship, L. O. Munn, and Dr. J. A. Flaherty to represent Ireland; and the Welsh Golfing Union has nominated A. A. Duncan (the Army Champion) and H. R. Howell (who my predecessor always argued ought to have played for us in Walker Cup matches) to represent Wales. The Scottish Golf Union will not send any representatives, although it was asked to do so; it surely could have, without any trouble or expense, nominated two of its players who reside in the London district, as the Unions of Wales and Ireland have done.

Members of the South African team were invited to play, but they are unable to do so, as they had, long ago, arranged to play the Honourable Company of Edinburgh Golfers on the same day, and if they had travelled to London from Scotland, it would have necessitated not only the postponement of this match, but also a considerable reorganisation of their fixture list, and also of their travelling and hotel arrangements.

The amateurs include, among others, Robert Sweeny, the Amateur Champion; Lionel Munn, the runner-up; Frank Pennink, the English Champion, who at one time at Sandwich looked like adding the Amateur Championship to the English; L. G. Crawley, runner-up in the English Championship; A. G. Skinner, the Champion of Devon, who played so courageously in the English at Saunton; I. S. Thomas, who lead and fathered the Old Lerpoolians, the defeated finalists in the Halford Hewitt Cup; and youth will be represented by K. B. Scott, the new Oxford golf captain.

Major P. C. Burton, the President of the E.G.U., will be the non-playing captain; his duties will not be onerous.

The Bath Club Handicap

The Bath Club's competition was held at Prince's, Sandwich, and drew a large entry. Captain J. C. W. McBryan is with G. W. Dawson, who reached the semi-final and fell to the runner-up by two and one

The National Coronation match ought to be a great show, and well worth seeing. With the exception of the foursomes at Sunningdale, the general public has little chance of seeing at the same time, our leading professional, amateur and lady golfers as they will be able to do at Moor Park.

London golfers have heard much about Charles Stowe and William Sutton, but few of them can ever have seen these well-known players in action, so now is their chance; they can also judge for themselves whether Ivor Thomas is the best left-handed golfer in the country, or whether this honour belongs to the better advertised Lucas.

They will also see in action Ken Scott, who I consider, after John Langley (he would be playing, no doubt, if at present he was not giving his attention to a very much better game, especially for the young, than golf), the best of our young golfers. Ken Scott has something to live up to in the golfing world, as his uncle Michael won the Amateur, and his father has reached the final of the same Championship, besides piloting Ken through the Fathers and Sons competition on two occasions.

Spectators will be charged half-a-crown to watch the play, and they most certainly ought to get their money's worth. The proceeds of the entry money will go to the King George the Fifth National Memorial Fund, so visitors will not only see a lot of most interesting golf, but will also at the same time contribute to a most worthy fund. It is no doubt due to the fact that the proceeds go to such a worthy object that has induced many of those players who live at great distances from the course to incur the not inconsiderable expense of travelling and staying at hotels.

Mr. John Gilliat, Mr. and Mrs. Bennett

F. C. Bennett was the runner-up at Sandwich; he beat Dawson in the semi-final and met R. W. Zair in the final to lose to him by three and two

Sir William Gowers, Mr. and Mrs. Zair

R. W. Zair, seen with his wife and Sir William Frederick Gowers, won the Bath Club handicap competition at Sandwich. It is his second win—the first was in 1931

This England . . .

The "Backs"—Cambridge

IS it odd that a great University should lie lost in the fens (or that May Week at Cambridge should take place in June and last longer than a week)? But then our England evolves in curious ways. When Crante-brig was young it lay upon a great natural highway running twixt trackless forest and undrained fen. Where once was the castle from which the Conquerer smoked out Hereward and his insurgents, rise the calm colleges, part-built from its very stones; and where this green velvet peace joins hall and stream was once a world of wharves and wherries. So do the best things in English life evolve—in the equipment of bodies, too, as well as minds. Even the brewing of your Worthington took some centuries to reach that rich maturity you delight in now.

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Motoring Commentary

By Alan C. Hess

Raymond Mays (E.R.A.) was leading just after the start of the International "round-the-houses" race in the Isle of Man, followed closely by the winner, "B. Bira" (E.R.A.), Pat Fairfield (E.R.A.), L. Villorosi (Maserati) and Tongue (E.R.A.)

THERE is an old adage in motor racing which says that more races are won in the pits than on the circuit. This, of course, has been demonstrated indisputably time after time. Never more clearly was this truism impressed upon me, however, than in the International Car Race "round the houses" of Douglas, Isle of Man.

"Bira's" pit, under the capable management of his cousin, H.R.H. Prince Chula of Siam, was a model of what a pit should be.

The driver's position was signalled to him on every lap, together with such other information as seemed pertinent, while the next four cars were all timed and "logged" on every lap, so that they could keep at least one move ahead of their rivals all the way through.

What a contrast with a certain other pit, whose car, admittedly, was unlucky. Actually, this car was in and out of its pit the whole afternoon with obscure ignition trouble. It is no exaggeration to say that up to three-quarter distance in the race the car must have spent nearly twice as much time in the pit as it did on the course. Then, suddenly, presto! All was well and it roared away on all six—only to be called into its pit once more, two laps later, to take on petrol!

THE weather during the practising periods for the race was absolutely perfect, but for the race itself conditions were absolutely appalling, with torrential rain to sting the drivers' faces and hands and obscure their vision; deluged roads to minimise adhesion all the way round the difficult course and a gusty wind to complete the discomfort and dangers of the race.

And yet—with a little over sixty seconds separating the first three cars to finish, the race was run off at the terrific average speed of over 70 m.p.h. from sodden start to flooded finish without any sort of mishap.

The evident ease with which "Bira" lapped the circuit was a joy to watch. His pit-stop for refuelling, although taking only 45 seconds, pulled him back from first to third position (so hotly was the race contested throughout), but he had regained the lead two laps later.

With this driver electing to run his E.R.A. in preference to his Delage, the race became an Anglo-Italian duel, and we may well congratulate ourselves upon the result, for all five finishers were British E.R.A. cars.

With Martin's success at Avus and this sweeping victory at Douglas, E.R.A.'s have clearly proved their domination of

(*Concluded on page iv*)

Which is the boy?

At first glance you would think they were all girls. Look again and you will see the one on the left is a boy.

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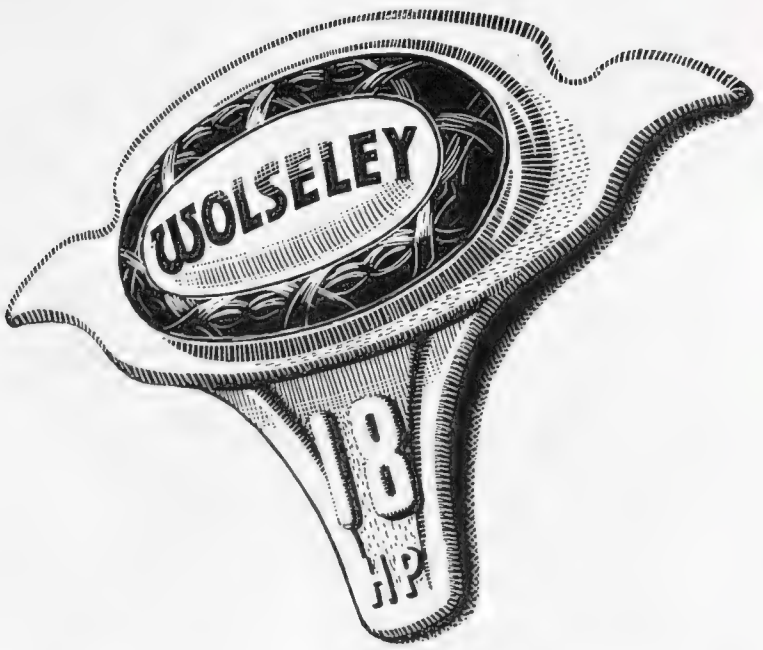

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